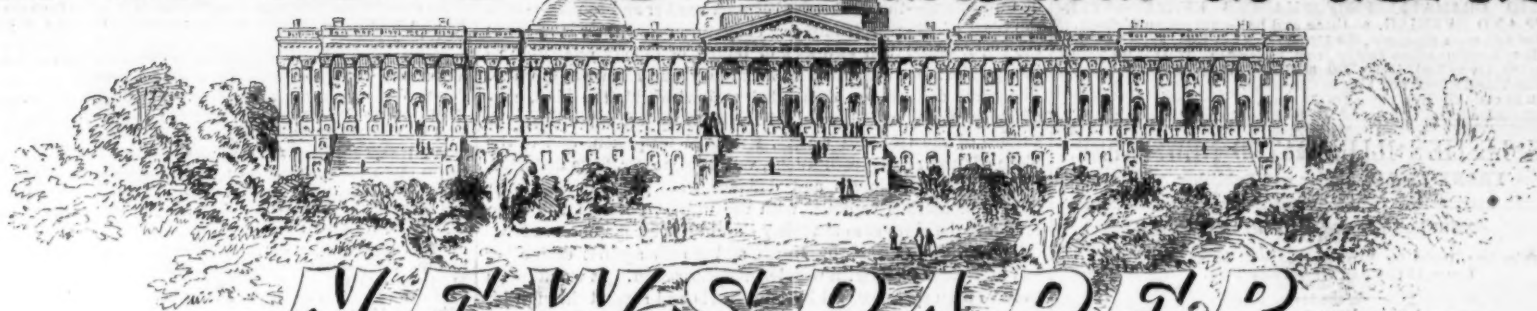


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 274—Vol. XI.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Circulates in every part of the United States.

THIS is a fact that should be borne in mind by all who desire to give a general and not a sectional circulation to their advertisements. While the political bias of the other illustrated journals has caused their utter exclusion from the whole South and Southwest, the wise conservative course of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has opened to its circulation every section of the country, causing it to wield an influence and power never before attained by any illustrated journal.

Our Artists and Correspondents are cordially received in the South, and in our columns alone will be found correct representations of what is daily transpiring in that section of the country, for no other paper has an artist there.

The brilliant position which our paper has sustained throughout the past and present disastrous state of the political and business prospects of the country, its increasing circulation and unequalled popularity, prove that our conservative course has met with the cordial approbation of the thinking and reading communities everywhere. We cannot ask for a more emphatic endorsement of our course of action.

The crowded state of our advertising columns is another positive recognition of our vast influence and circulation, and we are constantly receiving voluntary testimonials of the advantages derived by our advertisers by the publicity given to their business through the medium of our columns. We annex one or two testimonials recently received:

For the last year we have advertised very extensively in all parts of the United States, and have derived more solid benefit from our advertising in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER than from any other ten papers combined. Our advertisements in



COL. RHETT, EDITOR OF THE CHARLESTON MERCURY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUINBY, CHARLESTON.

that paper seem to reach all classes in every town, county and city in the United States and British Provinces.

F. H. OSBORNE & CO.,
432 Walnut street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16, 1861.

We have found FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to be the most efficient means for advertising our business in all parts of the country.

June 4, 1860.

TIFFANY & CO.,
550 Broadway, N. Y.

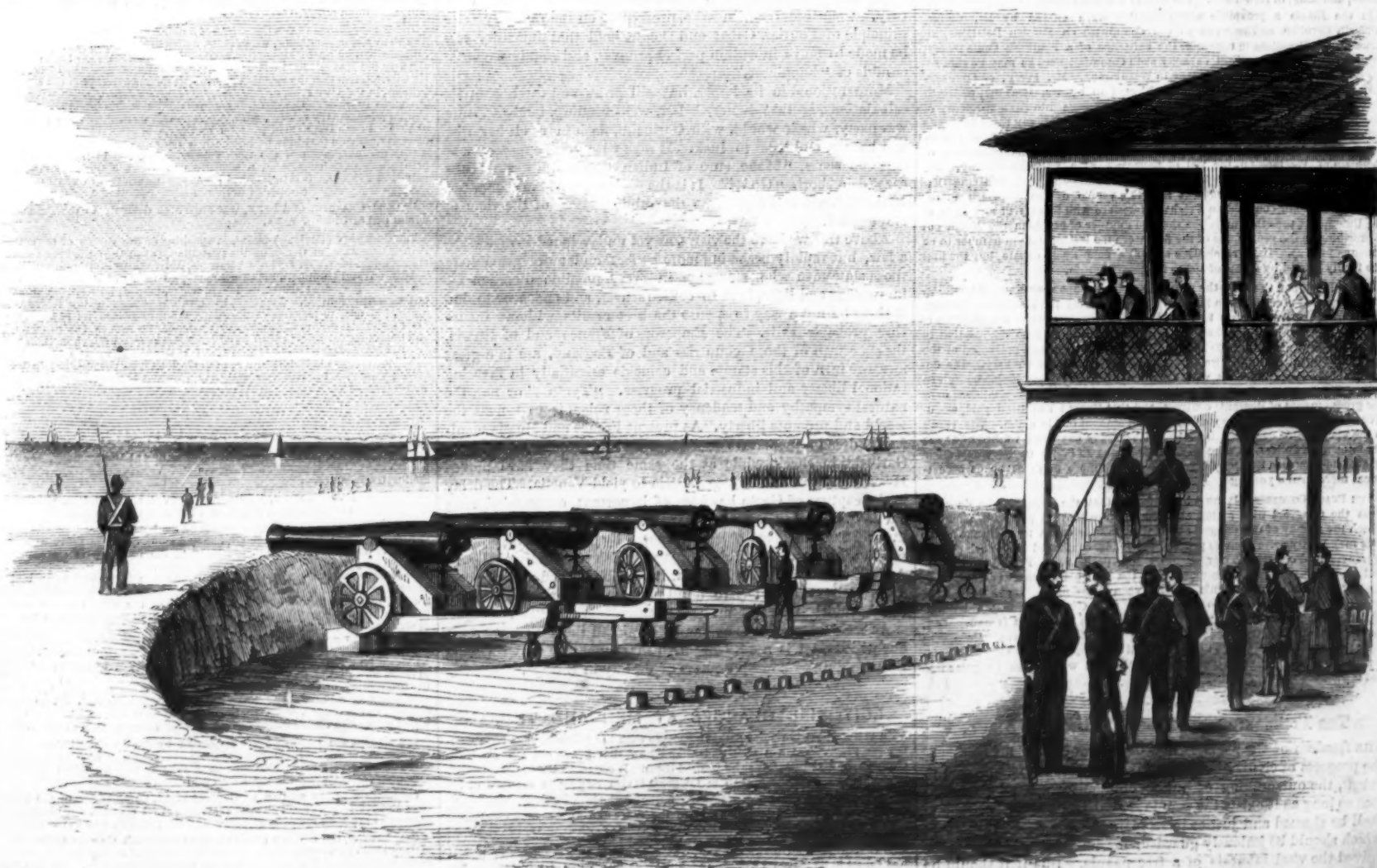
R. B. RHETT, JUN.,

Editor of the Charleston Mercury.

We have the pleasure in our present number of presenting to our readers an excellent portrait of R. B. Rhett, Esq., the son of Mr. Rhett, familiarly known as the father of South Carolinian Secession, whose likeness we published in our issue of the 2d February. Mr. Rhett, Jun., is the principal editor of the Charleston Mercury, and upholds in all their integrity the principles of Secession. He is a man of considerable energy, and writes with great ability and force. On the death of Mr. Taber, who was killed in a duel, he succeeded that able and accomplished writer in the editorial chair. He is also a member of the Legislature. He is now in his thirty-second year, and is a man of marked and decided ability.

THE WALTER BATTERY ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, Charleston Harbor, S. C.

THE Walter Battery, a view of which we engrave from a sketch by our Special Artist now in Charleston, has been recently erected on Sullivan's Island by the military authorities of South Carolina, to command one of the regular channels of the harbor, which the original fortifications of that island did not control. It has been dug out of the sand to a depth sufficient to admit of the cannon just clearing the face of the sand embankment. The



THE WALTER BATTERY ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.

foundation is boarded over, and strongly sustained by Palmetto logs driven firmly in the sand.

The Walter Battery consists of six heavy guns, and is guarded by a detachment of the Washington Artillery. Its range would effectually tell upon any ships attempting to come in by the channel it commands.

Barnum's American Museum.

SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTER-NOON AND EVENING, at three and half-past seven o'clock. Old Adams' California Menagerie, the Living Black Sea Lion, Astec Children, Mammoth Bear Samson, Albino Family from Madagascar, What Is It? Thirty Monster Snakes, Living Seal, Living Happy Family, the \$150 Speckled Brook Trout, Double-Voiced Singer, and 850,000 Curiosities. Admission 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....	17 weeks.....	\$ 1
One do.....	1 year.....	\$ 3
Two do.....	1 year.....	\$ 6
Or One Copy.....	2 years.....	\$ 6
Three Copies.....	1 year.....	\$ 6
Five do.....	1 year (to one address).....	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

On Saturday, the 9th of February, the most important matter before the Senate was the Naval Appropriation Bill. The Chairman of the Committee of Conference on the amendments to the Deficiency Bill reported their inability to agree, and the Committee was discharged. A motion made by Mr. Hale, that the Senate recede from its amendments, was laid over under the rule.

In the House, John Cochrane offered a resolution making inquiries of the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject of the seizure of New York vessels in Savannah. He will also call up and press to a passage the bill heretofore introduced by him, providing for the rigid execution of the Federal Revenue laws at the ports of the seceding States. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the President for the correspondence between our Government and that of Peru since 1853, relative to the free navigation of the Amazon and its tributaries. On motion of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, the vote on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was still further postponed, until next Thursday, and debate upon the report was continued until the adjournment. The postponement is in consequence of a desire to await the action of the Peace Conference.

On Monday, the 11th, in the Senate, Mr. Green, of Missouri, offered a resolution, which was laid over, asking the President to communicate any correspondence which may have occurred relative to the extradition of the fugitive slave Anderson. The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and occupied attention during the remainder of the day. The appropriations for the Pensacola Navy Yard were stricken out. Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam sloop-of-war. Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, opposed it, as it looked too much like an intention to coerce seceding States. It was advocated by Messrs. Grimes, of Iowa; Fessenden, of Maine, and King, of New York. The debate was not closed.

In the House a preamble and resolution were offered by Mr. Craig, of North Carolina, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, instructing the President to recognize the existence of a Southern Confederacy, and to receive in their official capacity such Commissioners as may be sent by the Government of that Confederacy to Washington. Mr. Ferry, of Connecticut, offered a resolution, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of amending the Constitution so as to make it impossible for any State to secede without the consent of all the States. Mr. Sickles, of New York, offered a resolution, which was adopted, recommending the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the 22d of February, as a national holiday. Mr. Palmer, of New York, introduced two resolutions—the first declaring that neither the Federal Government nor the people of the Northern States have a purpose or constitutional right to interfere with Slavery in any State of the Union, and the other asserting that the number of people in the North not subscribing to the sentiments of the first were too insignificant in number to be worthy of notice. These resolutions excited a very lively debate, but the first one finally passed by a vote of 106 to 4—not a quorum.

In the House, on the 12th, the proceedings turned upon our National troubles. A message was received from Secretary Dix, informing the House that the payments from the Treasury up to the 4th March would require ten millions of dollars. He also lamented that the Government had so little credit—that to borrow of Capitalists would be ruinous. The report then was presented of the Committee appointed to inquire into the Indian Trust Bond robbery. The developments are startling. It would seem that Ex-Secretary Floyd had given irregular acceptances for seven millions of dollars, nearly three millions over the gross amount of Russell's contract, and that Russell had been paid, exclusive of these contingent acceptances, the full amount of his claim. The result is the very simple one, that the National Treasury has been robbed of above six millions of dollars. The most damaging thing to Floyd in the whole affair is, that he promised Senator Benjamin to give no more of these bogus acceptances more than a year ago.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.—It must be confessed that the great public does not treat the Congress now sitting at Washington with that profound attention which the agency of the danger and its magnitude ought to challenge for it. This may partly arise from its proceedings being conducted with such perfect secrecy. Ex-President Tyler occupies his position as Presiding Officer, and we understand that he announced on the 11th his election as a delegate to the State Convention in Virginia, which is soon to assemble. He expressed the hope that he should be able to announce to that Convention that a basis of settlement had been agreed upon. At any rate, he insisted, it is understood, that the action of the Conference should be prompt and decisive. Many consider that when the Southern States have all seceded it will be easier to compromise the difficulty, since both parties will have wheeled into regular line and made survey of each other's strength.

The Freedom of the Press—Its Use and Abuse.

THE freedom of the press is one of the most glorious results of the progress of civilization and enlightenment. It is, to a certain extent, the outspoken of public opinion—a solemn guarantee that so long as it exists the people shall be heard, the wrongdoer shall be shamed and justice in its majesty upheld. It is a right which should be jealously guarded, for in its maintenance is involved the vital interests of a free people. But if it should be jealously guarded from the encroachments of attempted despotic power, it should be watched with equal vigilance, that its controllers do not overstep its legitimate purposes, and turn into

bitter partisan discussions that powerful medium which should be strictly devoted to the highest and best interests of mankind.

It will be the solemn conviction of all who have observed the course of our journals previous to and during the present alarming state of our public affairs, that the bitter feeling which marks this struggle is mainly owing to the reckless, unscrupulous, taunting and vindictive tone of the partisan press of both sections of the country. They commenced the discussion of the momentous questions—the differences between brother and brother—with the blast of the war trumpet. They threw out their banners to the air, whetted their swords and talked of bloody retaliation as though the issue was between hereditary and relentless enemies. The grave deliberation demanded was withheld, the kind, conciliatory word, which would have been as oil smoothing the surface of the troubled waters, remained unspoken, and in the place of these misrepresentations, vaunts of power, facts distorted, bitter invective, threats and defiance were paraded, day after day, in monstrous capitals, with the utmost possible display to render it the more sure that they should not escape observation.

The design to array the North and South against each other has been carried out with wonderful deliberation. It would seem to have been systematized by wily heads and carried through by earnest workers, zealously and relentlessly, for nothing offensive has been withheld for the sake of charity and good will; while all that could irritate, excite and breed bad blood has been lavishly paraded and reiterated again and again, fanning the latent flame of discontent into a blazing fire of hate and disunion.

The press, in this instance, has grossly abused its privileges; it has pandered to the worst passions of the people, and has hurried forward the flood of discontent and disunion, instead of standing calmly in the midst of the rushing billows as a breakwater, breasting the turbulent waves, which sink down defeated, and proving a harbor of safety to all who seek for peace.

The European Crisis.

It is hardly possible to imagine a greater or a more interesting political problem than that which the state of Europe now presents, a problem whose solution is now occupying the whole of the Old Civilized World. It is evident that one of those great historical crises is at hand, in which new men, new measures, new forms of life are to be evolved, followed in all probability by new forms of society. A terrible storm, but one presaging years of sunshine and inconceivably great plans of progress and of development, is now gathering over Continental Europe. Let us examine the grounds for this belief.

A century ago people understood, but only in the crudest and rudest manner the doctrine of equal rights. They knew that the crystal goblet of Truth was theirs—they stretched out their rude hands of Revolution and crushed it. Fortunately, it was like the cup of Odin, which, when broken, gave birth to nine similar cups from every fragment. Little by little the more cultivated and humane found that they must learn how to grasp the cup, how to hold it. It has been found that industry, individual self-control, education and a thousand refining influences are needed to make liberty possible. At the present day politics are represented by some four classes, and it depends on which gains the victory to know whether freedom is to advance rapidly or slowly.

The Demagogic-Democratic party, that of the ignorant multitude, led by unprincipled politicians, and in league with well-meaning but crazy Socialists, is not less prejudicial to liberty and progress than the professedly aristocratic power. These men, whether known as Mazzinists, Red Republicans, or by other names, correspond to the Revolutionists of the last century. They are the men who, proceeding on the radically false principle of Fourier, Cabet and Comte, hold that humanity can be made to move in certain perfect grooves, and cast into certain moulds of "happiness."

More rational in its hopes, but still gross and careless in its calculations, is that helter-skelter, well-meaning, semi-romantic war party, which would, with Garibaldi, dash in at all hazards, win battles, and trust to luck. It says with great appearance of common sense, "Make sure of Italian freedom, liberate Hungary"—in short, "Go it!" It is the diplomacy of the Camp, not of the Cabinet, and represents the public feeling of the time of Napoleon I.

Above this we have the views, as yet undeveloped save among a few, but rapidly becoming more perfect and more general, of those statesmen who, searching in every possible direction for knowledge and light, look to consequences, and endeavor to find if there be not a way to secure the best results without incurring probable evils. The Emperors of France and of Russia, the statesmen of those countries and of England, are in a great measure men of this stamp, and coincide essentially in favoring rational liberty and industrial progress. "Tyrants" or not, the natural sympathy and tendency of these rulers is to benefit the world and promote liberty. At present France and Russia manifestly dread a premature general war, and would gladly hold Garibaldi in check, while at the same time they have moved Heaven and earth to induce Austria to yield Venetia. The delay in the capture of Gaeta has been of important counter-irritating aid in postponing a general war, and it is now barely possible that all the beneficent objects proposed by the latter may be attained without the terrible disasters which must accompany it. At all events, it is possible that it may be limited and directed more easily than if left to blind popular excitement and bewildered, guideless patriotism.

As we said, a crisis is at hand. Amid all the excitement from our politics, let it not be forgotten that humanity is witnessing the unfolding of as deep a phase of destiny in Europe.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

WE question if a more pathetic passage than the following has been written for years. We can well understand how that brave old man, Senator Clemens, of Alabama, felt as he penned them. It occurs in a letter to a friend. His noble and patriotic speech in Congress is still ringing in the ears of his countrymen:

"We are out; we have bid adieu to the Stars and Stripes, and abandoned the high privilege of calling ourselves American citizens. I am not ashamed to confess that I could not restrain my tears when the old banner, which I have followed through so many dangers, was torn down, and the flag of Alabama was raised in its place; I cannot restrain them now when I am writing; but the deed is done—a new era has dawned, and all that I can promise is, that no effort shall be spared on my part to prevent it from becoming an era of disgrace. If we are not involved in a war, we soon will be. There is no hope of peace; and he is but little better than a madman who dreams of long exemption from invasion. I shall meet it when it comes as a soldier should, and fight through

it as long as a hope remains. When everything is lost, as I fear it may be, unless wiser counsels should prevail than those which have heretofore directed us, I shall drag my body to the nearest battle-field, and lay down a life which has lost its value."

IN A Daily Paper we read that a new mode of punishment has been adopted at the Sing Sing State Prison, which is to shave off all the hair except a tuft on the top of the head. This is called the "Japanese comb," and the prisoners would rather bear the tortures of the shower-bath than suffer it, because it makes them a laughing-stock among their fellows. Well may the Japanese guests of our friend Leland laugh at our barbarian inconsistency. We spend nearly a quarter of a million of dollars in bringing from the other end of world a number of distinguished foreigners, treat them with marked honor while here, and send them home in our finest frigates. Directly they have left us, we deliberately insult them by making their way of wearing the hair, or rather their way of not wearing it, one of the heaviest penalties in our State Prison. Verily, the paradox is startling. Let us hope that our Japanese friends will never hear of the insult, or they may retort by making their criminals wear their hair as we do.

WE have frequently had occasion to lament the want of courage displayed by the public press in branding by name the perpetrators of cruelty and oppression. The *Tribune*, which spares no politician, is very squeamish in matters of humanity. In a recent issue, it gives a painful recital of suffering in this city. We quote a part:

"The children arrived and found their aged grandmother working out at service. She received them with open arms, but the care of them required her to give up her place, and she took cheap rooms in a tenement-house. Here she lived as economically as possible, doing what work she could get to do, until her means were completely exhausted. She finally applied to the authorities for fuel, but was refused, the officer saying that the Southern States had no business to send their poor here. On Thursday, during that cold and fearful storm, this poor woman had no fire, and neither she nor her children had tasted food for many hours."

Why were not the names of these brutal authorities given?

ONE of the ablest and most Republican of the London journals, in a very elaborate article upon our present troubles, says:

"The compactness of the Union will be immeasurably benefited by the secession, while its Territory will still be as large as that of all Europe not included within Russia. The contraction of boundary will induce settled habits—more homogeneous national sympathies—a more sedate and less nomadic temper of mind—a greatly improved system of agriculture, and a far higher civilization—in fact, a much more extensive cultivation of those virtues of an established and permanently organized community, which already have given New England such superiority over the South and West. The Union, at present, is too large for real strength, and with every assumption of new Territory, would become weaker, more heterogeneous, unwieldy and incoherent."

We give the above without any comment.

PERSONAL.

On Friday evening, the 8th, the elders, deacons and trustees of the German Lutheran Church, in Walker street, near Broadway, proceeded in a body to the residence of their pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. F. E. Stohmann, who was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, and there surprised him and the few invited guests by presenting him with a very handsome set of silver ware, suitably engraved, accompanied by appropriate remarks. Dr. Stohmann responded happily. The Rev. Dr. has labored since 1837 in that congregation, and is beloved and esteemed by all the flock under his charge.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE and Alexander Stuart, of Virginia, are in Washington. They have both had several interviews with the President.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a careful mother, and does quite right in choosing pious young men for her daughters. An English paper says: "Prince Louis, of Hesse-Darmstadt, the intended husband of the Princess Alice of England, is described as a serious young man, with decided religious tendencies, and known at home for works of piety and benevolence."

The *Tribune* of Saturday contains the announcement that Mr. Edward Price, whom we lately chronicled as killed in New Orleans, in a fight with a fancy gentleman named Jennings, is not dead, but takes his daily promenade in Broadway. The report arose in consequence of a row in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, where Mr. Price and Mr. Jennings had a set to, and where revolvers were very freely drawn. Strange to say, none were discharged.

COLONEL FREMONT is now in Washington. It is said that he will form one of the Lincoln Cabinet.

Mrs. WASHINGTON, the widow of the late Colonel George C., a great-nephew of the General, died a day or two since, at Georgetown. Her husband resembled the *Pater Patria* very much, and the family resemblance has descended to his son (by his first wife), who was captured by Osawatimie Brown at Harper's Ferry, and held prisoner during the attack.

W. M. BROWN, late editor of the *Constitutional* Washington paper, has gone to Montgomery, to edit a new Government organ. He is an Irishman, and cousin to the Marquis of Sligo, whose family name is Browne.

DR. FREEMAN, a skilful and highly esteemed physician, died on Friday, the 8th of February, at his house corner of Nineteenth street and Fourth avenue. He was in his sixty-seventh year.

JOHN J. HOOPER, of the *Mail* (Montgomery), has been chosen Secretary to the New Congress of the Southern Confederacy. He is the author of the famous "Simon Suggs."

THE OLDEST MASON IN THE COUNTRY.—An older member of the Masonic fraternity than Major Middleton, who recently died at Syracuse, is now residing in a retired situation near Skaneateles. The *Auburn Union* says: "This old Mason's name is Hugh Pike, and he is now ninety years of age. He was initiated into the mysteries of the Masonic fraternity in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1792, and had passed through the various degrees to that of Knight Templar. The last Lodge of which he was a member was at Palatine, in Montgomery county, with which he was connected from the year 1796 to 1825. In the last named year he met with several reverses, and lost his property. From that time he has been a poor man, and has lived in a very scanty manner, much of the time supported by the town. He was in his prosperous days considered a wealthy man for the times, having property valued at \$75,000. It is to be hoped that the fraternity will see to it that the old man is no longer compelled to live in a precarious and scanty manner."

FRANCIS GRANGER, of Albany, was appointed delegate to the Peace Convention in lieu of Thurlow Weed.

The *Guernsey* (England) *Comet*, in speaking of the rescue of the crew of the British brig *Aire*, of Goolie, by the Bostonian, says: "Of the brave and honorable conduct of W. W. De Forest Bowers, chief officer of the Bostonian, and of Thompson and Campbell, his companions, no terms of commendation can be too high. For such distinguished services, indeed, no words of praise are a full or fitting meed. Knowing, then, the readiness of the Lieutenant Governor, not only to recognize valor himself but to insure its reward, we trust his Excellency will make a representation of the case in the proper quarter, and obtain for the three American seamen the guerdon which of right is theirs. Truly, an order of merit for the British merchant navy is a necessity of the age. Valor in the field may have, and often has, its recompense in a Victoria cross; might not our Sailor Prince's name be lent to some form of order which would reward valor on the floods?"

SECESSIONAL ITEMS.

The Convention of the Seceding States now sitting at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 9th of February, elected a President and Vice-President for the proposed Southern Confederacy.

FOR PRESIDENT, JEFFERSON DAVIS, of Mississippi.

VICE-PRESIDENT, ALEX. H. STEPHENS, of Georgia.

The ability of these gentlemen cannot be doubted. It is supposed that South Carolina will feel herself slighted, since neither of these great dignities was offered to one of her citizens, when she took the initiation in the revolution of 1860. The vote on the election was unanimous.

Previous to this action, the presiding officer was instructed to appoint Committees on Foreign Affairs, on Finance, on Military and Naval Affairs, on Postal Affairs, on Commerce and Patents. All laws of the United States in force on the 1st of November last were continued by special ordinance, and will remain in force until repealed or altered. The Committee on Finance was instructed to report, with promptness, a tariff for raising revenue for the support of the new Government, and under this law it is considered probable that duties will be levied on all goods introduced from the States not joining in the Secession movement. In the Constitution as adopted, there are special provisions for the prohibition of the slave trade, for the rendition of fugitives, and for the settlement of all matters of Territory and public debt with the non-seceding States. In all other particulars the Constitution is almost identical with that under which the United States have increased from thirteen to thirty-four.

CON. JUDGE, the Commissioner appointed by the Seceding State of Alabama to negotiate with Mr. Buchanan for the peaceable sale and surrender of the Federal forts and other buildings in Alabama, had an interview with Mr. Buchanan, who declined to treat with him.

GENERAL SCOTT has written to General Ward, Commander of the Scott Life Guard of New York, declining the services of that corps in Washington, as it is intended to rely on the district militia and the regulars now in the capital.

COL. LAUTON, the military commander at Savannah, Georgia, acting under the instructions of Governor Brown, seized and detained as a reprisal for the seizure of markets at New York, five New York vessels at that port, the bark *Admiral* and *D. Golden Murray*; the brig *W. R. Kibby* and *Golden Lead*, and the schooner *John A. Hallock*.

As so much is said now about the great 36-30 line, the reader will get a clear idea from this following: "It commences at the point on the Atlantic coast where the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina commences

passes along the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, along the line between the States of Missouri and Arkansas, thence through the Territory of the Cherokee nation, through New Mexico, striking the eastern boundary of the State of California, a short distance south of Monterey Bay. On the south of that line there are about 300,000 square miles, including Indian reservations; while on the north there are about 1,300,000 square miles."

Tennessee has given a large majority in favor of the Union. But, of course, this includes a very decided concession to the Southern States.

The twenty-eight cases of Minie rifles intended for Alabama, it seems, have been surrendered by Mr. Kennedy in obedience to a writ of replevin, and they have already been shipped to their destination. The ten cases belonging to a citizen of Milledgeville, Georgia, in connection with Messrs. Syms of New York, are still awaiting the result of negotiations, but Mr. Lamar chooses to consider them as already surrendered. Upon hearing this, the authorities of Georgia at once released the New York vessels they had seized as a reprisal.

Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, who has lately been elected Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, was serenaded at Montgomery on Saturday. He made a very hopeful speech of the future of the great Southern Republic.

The Southern Congress of Montgomery met on the 12th, and formally took under its charge all the existing difference with the Federal Government. Thus all chance of a collision between the separate States and the Federal Government are at an end, without some unexpected contingency should arise. A resolution as to the propriety of sending Commissioners to Washington was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON HIS JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

On Monday, February 11th, at eight o'clock, Abraham Lincoln, President elect, left Springfield on his way to the Federal Capital. He was attended by a large concourse of his fellow-citizens, to whom he made a few remarks, expressive of his sense of the serious responsibility he was about to undertake, and requesting the prayers of his countrymen. He reached Indianapolis, and he took up his quarters in the Bates House. He made a short speech there. He was received by the people and Legislature with great cordiality. He has written to Governor Morgan, announcing that he will be in Albany on Monday the 18th February. On Tuesday he will be in New York, and thence to Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. On the 12th he arrived in Cincinnati, where he was as well received—as all rising suns are. Mr. Lincoln has asked us to pray for him—let us then offer our best wishes that he will not make too many speeches. He should, for once, act upon the maxim of the Statesman who said that speech was given to men to conceal their thoughts. There are passages in Abe Lincoln's short addresses at Indianapolis capable of a terrible misconstruction.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.—FOURTEENTH STREET.—The production of Verdi's new opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera," has proved a master-stroke of policy; it seems to have awakened the public interest in music, and it has given new life to an enterprise which was in a very exhausted condition. There can be no doubt that the new opera has made a genuine success—a success altogether independent of puffing and claqueing—based on the double foundation of its own intrinsic merits and its very admirable performance. It is hardly possible to speak safely of so great a work after a single hearing. The most active and acute musical intelligence can scarcely receive more than a general impression of the music of an opera from the first hearing. Individual and peculiar beauties will certainly strike such as one quicker than they would touch the general mass, and in a like manner marked blemishes present themselves with just as prominent an individuality; but the whole combined work leaves a vague but powerful impression upon the mind, which cannot be examined and judged until the brain has disentangled the mass, and the various proportions of each separate idea take a tangible and recognized form. The memory will do this unassisted after two or three days, but a second hearing is the quickest and most certain means of arriving at a just estimate, and we shall do the new opera the justice of hearing it not only a second time but many times.

The impression made upon us by the music is one of unmingled pleasure. It is full of melody, tender, passionate, sparkling and joyous, and the melodies are full of ideas, not mere pretty platitudes, but themes with brains in them. They all bear unmistakably the genuine Verdi stamp, which is no slight merit in our estimation; the flow of thought is tinged throughout with the Verdi idiosyncrasy, but the general treatment of the subjects is of a vastly higher order than usual. He has drawn with a liberal hand upon the rich resources of harmony, has invigorated his ideas with masterly counterpoint, and has thrown the whole force of a keen and brilliant imagination into the orchestral partition, gemming it with new and curious combinations, novel effects and exquisite running subjects, like golden threads in a richly figured woof. In dramatic effect, in powerful contrasts, Verdi stands far above all competition. He is the great melo-dramatist of opera, but the really great thoughts which startle the imagination and still satisfy the judgment redeem his compositions from the charge of mere clap-trap. We have not time to say all we would upon the subject, but shall re-ur to it in our next. For the present we content ourselves with saying "Un Ballo in Maschera" is a work of rare excellence, attractive for its melodious beauties to the mass, and delightful for that quality, and for scientific and elaborate detail, to the refined amateur and intelligent critic. We advise all our friends to hear this new opera and judge for themselves. Its performance was truly admirable; taking it as a whole, it is among the best entire performances we have heard within the walls of the Academy of Music. The most infinite pains seem to have been taken to bring every department as near perfection as possible, and much of all that was attempted has been achieved. Signor Muzio has given the first proof of that ability which has been claimed for him. He has exhibited patience and perseverance, and an intelligence to direct the energy of others, which has resulted in a performance of a degree of excellence rarely achieved in our theatres.

Madame Colson was as beautiful and as impassioned as ever, and sang with corresponding fervor and earnestness; Miss Hinkley was piquant and pleasing, singing charmingly and looking lovely; and Miss Adelaide Phillips created a genuine enthusiasm by her grand and impressive rendering of the wild but marked music of the Fortuneller's role. We have nothing to say of Brignoli this time but praise; he sang finely, acted manfully, and redeemed the past blame of carelessness and slovenliness—we cannot speak of him too highly. Ferri deserves like commendation. His gross exaggerations were modified, and he sang with rare excellence, indeed so admirably, that we could hardly name any one whom we should wish to replace him. We are delighted to be able to praise all so cordially. Colletti and Dubreuil deserve also a full meed of praise.

The chorus and band were splendid, the scenery excellent, and the ball-room scene the richest and most brilliant interior we have seen on the stage for some time. The opera was a triumphant success, and will be repeated every regular opera night until further notice.

ENGLISH OPERA AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Madame Anna Bishop commenced her operatic enterprise at Niblo's Garden, on Tuesday evening, February 12th. It being the last night before Lent, when parties, soirées and receptions do most abound, the audience was not as numerous as we expected, but, under the circumstances, it was certainly a very promising commencement. "Linda di Chamounix," in an English dress, was performed, in many respects, very admirably, but a want of sufficient rehearsals was very evident in the slovenly execution of the antediluvian and maggotonic chorus and the somewhat impromptu band. It is to be regretted that such is the case, but the exigencies of all enterprises of this class seem to render thorough and sufficient rehearsals impossible. The second performance was a great improvement upon the first, and there is no doubt that after a little while the company will feel more comfortable and work better together.

Madame Anna Bishop sang most deliciously, and acted with that high dramatic intensity which has always marked her style, and in which she has but few rivals and no superiors. We have rarely heard her voice more beautiful, retaining, as it does, all its rare melodious sweetness and sympathy, with, it seems to us, much additional strength. She was very warmly greeted throughout the opera, being called out between each act, and at the close receiving many floral tributes. We need hardly say that Madame

Bishop costumed the character richly, elaborately and with rare taste; for in that respect she is still both the actress and the elegant lady, and, as heretofore, a model of refinement and elegance in dress.

Pierotto, the Savoyard boy, was played by Miss Annie Kemp, a petite and beautiful lady, in a very natural and simple manner. She has a voice of considerable power, and sings very carefully and earnestly. She will certainly become a favorite with the public.

Mr. Aynsley Cook as Antonio was very admirable. Without flattering him, we must say that he is the best Antonio we have seen, either on the Italian or English stage, in this city. He has a fine voice, which he uses like an artist; he sings with passionate fervor (a little exaggerated sometimes, perhaps), while his acting is impressive, dignified and earnestly natural. We hope to hear him often.

Mr. Brookhouse Bowler, the Carlo of the evening, has a very pretty light tenor voice, but indifferently cultivated; his style lacks breadth and his manner earnestness. He is not equal to the demands of the first operatic rôle, but his singing is to a certain extent pleasing, especially when force is not required.

The opera of "Linda" will be repeated during the present week, when another opera now in course of preparation will take its place; it will be more carefully prepared, and will be put upon the stage with due regard to costumes, scenery and other necessary accessories. We trust that the experiment of English opera thus commenced will be carried on with spirit, and may meet with so liberal an encouragement from the public that an experiment may be turned into a success.

MASON AND THOMAS'S CLASSICAL SOIREES.—One of the admirable concerts of these excellent artists was given at Dodworth's Academy on the 5th inst. The programme was of the choicest description, a rare chaplet of classical compositions, creditable to the taste of Messrs. Mason and Thomas, and very pleasant to the initiated to listen to. The care bestowed upon the practice of these fine works always insures to them a just and intelligent interpretation. We should be glad to see the attendance at these charming soirées very largely increased.

MR. GUSTAVE SATTER gave one of his farewell concerts at Dodworth's Academy on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst. The programme was of the most interesting character. We regret very much that we were unable to attend, for we were very anxious to listen to his interpretation of the works of the various piano composers which were set down in the programme. Mr. Satter has many admirers, and we should be happy to be classed among them, but the only time we heard him was under unfavorable circumstances.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, our very dear friend and worthy citizen, is busy in London, superintending the rehearsals of his new opera, "The Amber Witch," which is to be produced during the present month at Her Majesty's Italian Opera House, in a style of great and appropriate magnificence. We predict for "The Amber Witch" a marked and triumphant success. We know the music, for much of it was written in the land of his adoption, and pronounce it his most thorough and sterling work. It abounds with exquisite melodies, which will make it universally popular, but it is also marked by the highest characteristics of the Grand Opera, and Wallace's treatment of his subject is so varied, so elaborate and so profound, that we feel confident even the most exacting and cavilling critical authorities of the European capitals will assign the work a place among the masterpieces of the greatest masters of the musical art.

Shall we ever here, in the country of his adoption, have an opportunity of hearing his great works, "Lurline" and "The Amber Witch," performed in a style worthy of their merits, equal, at least, to the manner of their performances in London? They were both almost entirely written here, and yet, while preparations are being made to perform them both in Paris and Vienna, here, in the land of their nativity, they are in a measure, if not entirely, tabooed! We are a wonderful people, but in the matter of art we are the veriest slaves of Italian tenors and the lord-knows-what-country prime donne, and dare not assert a will of our own. It is a fashionable bondage, but it is bondage nevertheless.

MATILDA HERON STOEPEL.—Our letters from London state that Matilda Heron Stoepele, who achieved such a brilliant career in this country, will shortly appear at the Princess's Theatre, London.

We also learn that Robert Stoepele's lovely American cantata, "Hiawatha," will be produced in splendid style in London. The above items of news will give pleasure to large circles of friends of the above talented artists, not only in New York but throughout the whole country.

ADELINA PATTI.—The talented, fascinating and beautiful Adeline Patti has returned from the South, and will appear for a few nights previous to her departure for other scenes and new triumphs. Her re-appearance will bring out all New York, both old and young.

DRAMA.

NIBLO'S.—On Monday Mr. Forrest appeared for the first time in many years as Rollo, in the romantic tragedy of "Pizarro." We confess that we have no affection whatever for this play; it belongs to a bygone era, is stagey and stupid in the extreme, and might be consigned to the tomb of the Capulets without finding many mourners to follow it to its long rest. If any one, however, can give vitality to this production, certainly that man is Edwin Forrest; his magnificent presence fully realises the Peruvian hero, and in his mouth the language assumes a power that it owes altogether to his art. The rôle, however, is unworthy of Mr. Forrest's genius, and we trust soon to see "Pizarro" replaced by some more sterling play. We must not omit to state that it has been put upon the stage with care, and is generally well acted.

LAURA KEENE'S.—Miss Keene has made still further addition to the "Seven Sisters," in the shape of a number of tableaux suitable to these stirring times. The getting-up is in Miss Keene's best style, and proves a very attractive feature.

AT WALLACE'S the new play of "Central Park; or, The House with Two Doors," was produced on Thursday; we are reluctantly compelled to defer a further notice of it until next week.

PROFESSOR HOWE gave the third and last reading of the present course, on Monday evening, at Clinton Hall. The attendance was hardly what it should have been in point of numbers, but upon one circumstance Mr. Howe may honestly congratulate himself; he has been surrounded during the course just brought to a close by those who thoroughly appreciated his art, and understand through how many years of assiduous study it is necessary to pass before reaching the perfection that he has undoubtedly attained. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Howe gave the Senate scene from "Othello" with admirable effect; selections from "Hamlet" and Boker's ballad of "Sir John Franklin." But the feature of the reading was, of course, the "Faust." In delineating the character, the Professor made a genuine success—not so pronounced, perhaps, as the hit made by him a week previous in Sir Anthony Absolute, but none the less marked to those who go beneath the surface and take into consideration the greater subtleties to be grappled with in unraveling the character of Sir John. The Professor's version is entirely his own, full of emotion, full of fear, but the coarseness is relieved by a certain degree of refinement of manner which the fat knight must necessarily have acquired from associating with the Prince Royal under any circumstances. The reading concluded with a portion of Dickens's "Chimes," which was exquisitely rendered.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—This popular place of amusement is still drawing crowded audiences. The dramatic performances are the "Lady of St. Tropez," in which all his artists appear. Adams California menagerie and the mammoth bear are also to be seen there. It is the most entertaining exhibition in the city.

THE first "hop" of the season came off at the Granmery Park Hotel, on Thursday evening, the 7th inst., and was attended by many of our most influential and fashionable citizens, while Spanish America was largely and ably represented by several distinguished diplomats and many dark eyed Señoritas, whose flashing glances and tasteful toilettes lent additional brilliancy to the scene. Dancing commenced at nine precisely, and was kept up until the small hours of the morning. The ball-room was beautifully fitted-up, the supper irreproachable, and all the arrangements reflected infinite credit upon the management. The affair was in every sense a decided success, and all the guests must have carried away pleasant recollections of the evening's entertainment.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

A MAN'S hat has but one nap on it; his bed has a new one every night. "Don't you think, husband, that you are apt to believe everything you hear?"

"No, madam, not when you talk."

"You are a fool," said a coxcomb to a clown.

"You partly say true," said the clown. "If I bain't quite a fool, I be very near one."

A DANCER once said to a Spartan, "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can."

"Perhaps not," said the Spartan, "but any goose can."

A WAG seeing a lady at a party with a low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she out-stripped the whole party.

"I BELIEVE the jury has been inoculated with stupidity," said Briefless.

"That may be," said his opponent, "but the bar are of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

A FOOTMAN learned from his master that *malapropos* meant "out of place." Meeting a brother footman who had been discharged, he exclaimed, "Ah! my dear fellow, I am sorry for you; you are *malapropos*!"

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

A WIFE's farewell to her husband every morning—buy and buy.

A PIANO affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her finger-ring.

A MAN who commits suicide does a rash act; but he who eats bacon for breakfast does a rasher.

MANY persons are in advance of their age, but an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

"THAT'S very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her.

"Oh, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural."

"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he told him he would take him to the station-house if he did not move on.

A WISER paper remarks that it is cruelly cold up there, so it gets as cold as it pleases.

AT Eton once, a boy rendered "Scipio Africanus," an African walking-stick. Dr. Keate, the head master, roared out in a rage, "Sit down, sir; you are too great a fool to be fogged."

A MAN who insisted to empty several bottles of wine, afterwards took a walk. The pavements were quite icy, and he exclaimed, "Very singular; when ever water freezes, it always freezes with the slippery side up."

NED SUTTER thus explained his reason for preferring to wear his stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman; but a darn is premeditated poverty."

AN American clergyman who goes in for elegance of paraphrase, did a fine thing lately in rinsing the changes upon "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said he, "let him not close the gates of his tympanum." If that isn't bi-auricular, then what is?

JONES was riding through Sydenham, and saw a board with "This Cottage for Sale" painted on it. Always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her, very politely, when the cottage was to be sold? "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was her quick reply.

A YOUNG actor having played a part tolerably well, Elliston one evening called him into the green-room, and addressed him to this effect: "Young man, you have only pleased the public, but you have pleased me; and as a slight token of my regard and good wishes, I beg your acceptance of a small piece of plate." It was, beyond all question, a very small piece, for it was a silver toothpick!

A GENTLEMAN with the same Christian and surname took lodgings in the same house with James Smith. The consequence was constant confusion of calls and letters. Indeed, the postman had no alternative but to share the letters equally between the two.

"This is intolerable, sir," said our friend, "and you must quit."

"Why am I to quit more than you?"

"Because you are James the Second, and must abdicate."

On one occasion, in the neighborhood of Hampstead Heath, a ruffianly driver was pummeling a miserable bare-boned hack-horse. Lord Erskine's sympathy provoked him to a smart remonstrance.

"Why," said the fellow, "it's my own—mayn't I use it as I please?"

And as he spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast.

Lord Erskine, excessively irritated, laid on his walking-stick sharply over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick.

"Why," replied Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, "it is my own—mayn't I use it as I please?"

At a farmer's house not far from Arbroath a party met recently to celebrate the reconciliation of two neighboring farmers who had long been at enmity. The host was pressing and hospitable; the party sat late, and consumed an immense quantity of whiskey toddy. The wife was penurious, and grudging the outlay. When at last, in the small hours, the party dispersed, the lady, who had not slept in her anxiety, looked over the stairs, and eagerly asked the servant girl,

"How many bottles of whiskey have they used, Betty?"

The lass, who had not to pay for the whiskey, but had been obliged to go to the well to fetch the water for the toddy, coolly answered,

"I dunna ken, mem; but they've drucken sax gang o' water."

SERGEANT COCKLE, a rough, blustering fellow, and well known on the northern circuit, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right of way, he asked the witness,

"Don't you love fish?"

"Ah," replied the witness, with a grin; "but I dunna like Cockle sauce with it."

"Why is the letter D like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted.

The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer.

"Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room, "because we can't be wed' without it."

An epigram should never be extended to eight lines. Four lines ought to be the *de rigueur*; if only two, so much the better. Here is one uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money:

"Dear Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best.
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

MR. FRANCIS BURNETT's Hiveries were light blue and silver; Lord Alvanley's were the same. His lordship said to Burdett one day,

"We're always mistaken for each other; couldn't we hit on a way to prevent it?"

"I'm willing," replied the baronet, "if I only knew how."

"Then I'll tell you," says Alvanley. "Make your people follow your own example, and turn their coats; that'll do it."

In a country druggist's shop, where cigars and nauseous galenicals are sold, a person purchased some Havana's, and commenced smoking one of them, when his eye caught a notice—"No smoking allowed."

"Well," he exclaimed, "that is a pretty joke; you sell a chap cigars, and then won't let him smoke them!"

"True," replied the druggist, "and sell emetics, too, but I don't intend to have them taken here."

A DABBING foreman to a West-end tailor, being in mixed company, wished to impress those present with the immense importance of his services to his employers.

"Though I say it that should not say it," said he, "if it was not for me our people could not carry on their business."

"I can very well believe you," put in one of the party. "I never heard of a tailor who could carry on his business without a goose."

ONE Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this: He was standing one day beside a frog-pond—he had his word for it—and saw a large garter-snake make an attempt upon an enormous big bull-frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snake-shish, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

STAMMERING, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland in preventing the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state.

"How horribly cold it was!" said the narrator.

"Yes," said Lamb, in his stammering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cumberland-land."

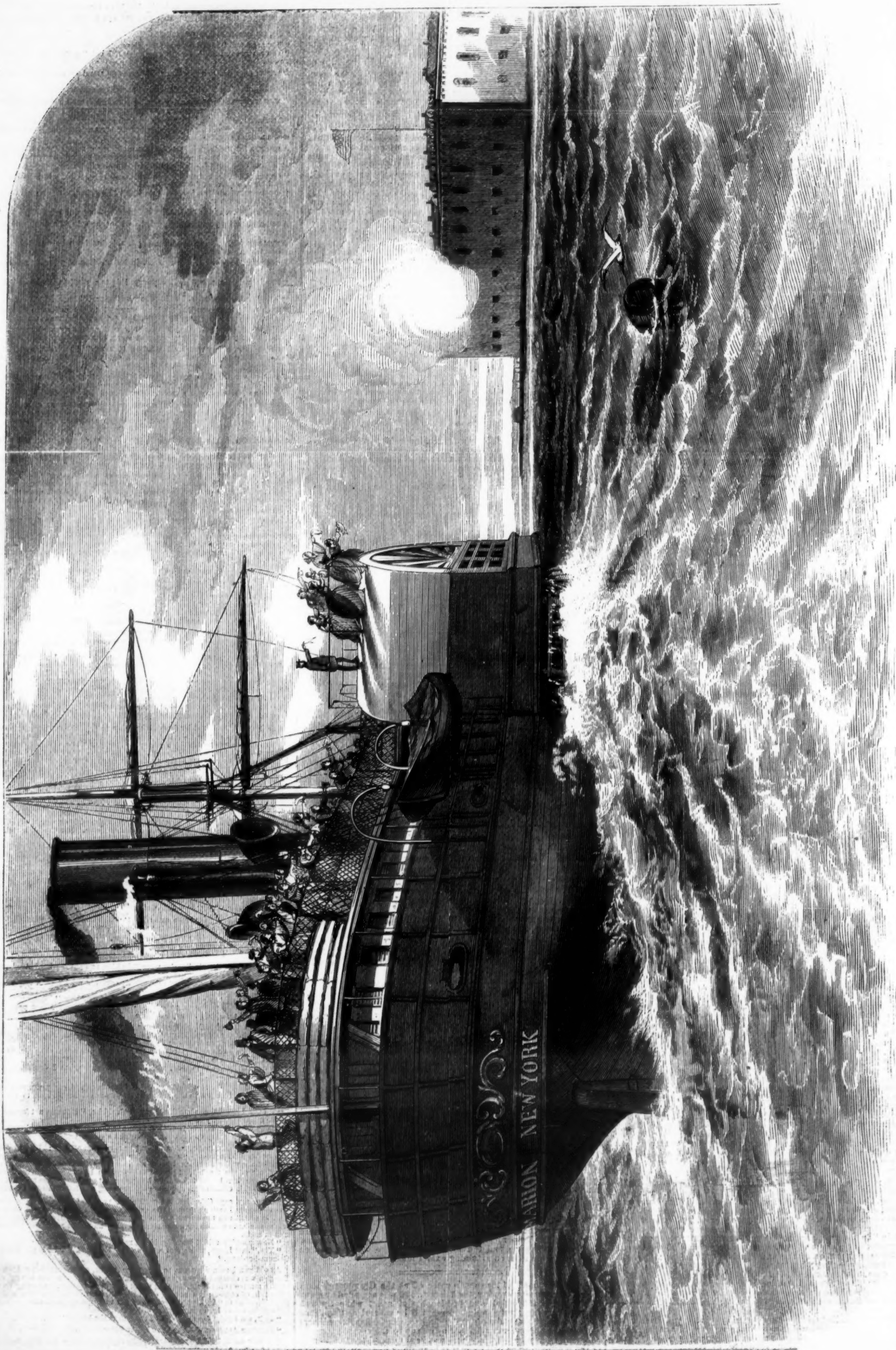
An old gentleman went out to shoot partridges, accompanied by his son. The gun was charged half-way up to the muzzle, and when at last the old gentleman started some birds, he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see some fall, of course; but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to "kick" him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son,

"Look, did I point the right end of the gun to the birds?"

"RETRACTS ABIMONUM"—The Dead Letter Office.

QUESTIONS for Spirit-Rappers.—Are spirits smuggled under the table, and can they be removed without a permit?

In a recent case for assault, the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were the only ones there were in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call a guilty."



THE STEAMSHIP MARION, ON HER WAY TO NEW YORK WITH THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF THE SOLDIERS IN FORT SUMPTER—MANNING THE RAMPARTS AND CHEERING OF THE MEN AS THE STEAMER PASSES THE FORT THE PARTING SALUTE FROM FORT SUMPTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.



GARIBALDI AT HOME—FRONT VIEW OF HIS HOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRERA—OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENT OF THE FAMILY.

**STEAMSHIP MARION PASSING FORT SUMPTER,
Bearing the Wives and Families of the Officers and
Men now stationed in that Fort.**

On Sunday, the 3d of February, the steamship Marion left her dock at the city of Charleston, S. C., for New York. Although it was known that she was to bear away with her the wives and families of the officers and soldiers in Fort Sumpter, there was but little excitement in the city, not even a uniformed policeman was on the dock. The precious freight of the Marion was evidently known to the defenders of Fort Sumpter, for as she approached an orderly and solemn file was seen to man the ramparts and silently await the nearing of the vessel. When the passengers on the deck were fairly visible a great shout went up from the handful of devoted men, which rang over the waters of the Bay and touched the hearts of the throng of weeping women.

That cheer was responded to by waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and again that shout pealed through the skies. At this moment one gun from Fort Sumpter startled the city and spoke a boding farewell to the sorrowing hearts doomed, perchance, never to meet again this side the grave. It was a solemn moment and all seemed deeply affected. The spell of the incident lasted

for a minute, when with one more hearty cheer the gallant soldiers filed off and disappeared from the ramparts, and the Marion proceeded on her way with the disconsolate women and children, arriving safely at this port.

GARIBALDI IN CAPRERA.

Our readers may recall the glowing account of Garibaldi's island home of Caprera, as given by that arch romancer, Dumas. According to that illustrious *litterateur*, everything at Caprera was, or has become, perfectly enchanting. A fine house had been built, splendidly furnished, the land converted into a garden—the whole island perfectly Monte Christoed—and all this by the liberality of Victor Emanuel.

How true the story was may be seen from our engravings, which are literal and truthful pictures of Caprera as it is. No Rhode Island farm is half so unpromising, so barren, so desolate. Rocks on rocks, and scenery whose wildness is its only charm, characterize this starved abode. The house and all its surroundings are of the humblest description. A few horses and cows pick up a meagre pasturage among the rocks. Great

toil is or course required to extract a scanty crop from the ground.

Caprera, an island to the north-east of Sardinia, commands fine views of the snow-capped hills of Corsica, and of the famed dangerous Strait of Bonifacio.

As may be seen in our second picture, the barren island farm is not entirely devoid of social liveliness. A romping group, composed of Mlle. Teresa Garibaldi, Cancio and Signora Sussini, are enjoying themselves at skipping rope, while Garibaldi himself is puffing a cigar. In the other he is seen feeding his dog, while his horse Marsala frolics around.

How long will it be before this peaceful retreat will be left—perhaps for ever!

A Scotch minister was once ordered beef tea by his physician. The next day the patient complained that it had made him sick.

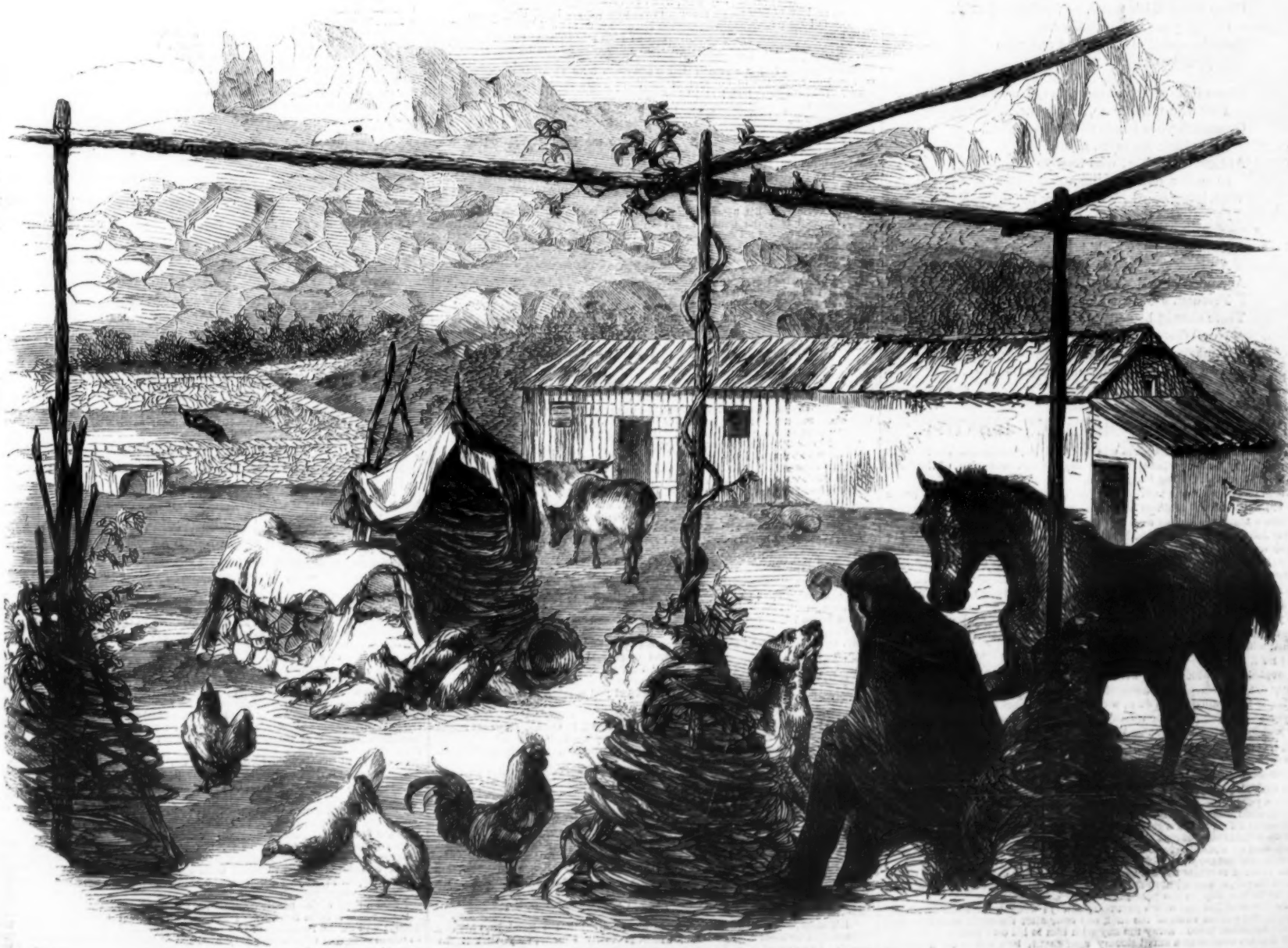
"Why, minister," said the doctor, "I'll try the tea myself."

So, putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent.

"Man," says the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?"

"What ither way should it be supit? It's excellent, I say, minister."

"It may be gude that way, doctor, but try it wi' the cream and sugar, mas try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye like it."



GARIBALDI AT HOME—GARIBALDI'S FARMYARD ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRERA.

A CRY TO THE NATION.

By C. G. Rosenberg.

HEAR, brothers of the Sunny South,
And brethren, East and West!
A cry wrung from the inmost depth
Of a true brother's breast—
From one who has no claim to speak,
Except the common right
Of All who see the Thirteen Stars
Drifting through storm and night.

Are ye not wrong? oh! West and East!
Should brethren rend the ties
United in that Holy War,
Won Freedom sanctifies—
Or stand aloof with angry eyes,
Fierce lip and bitter tongue—
Say! would your sires have done as ye
While yet our land was young?

And you—our common brethren too—
Brave offspring of the South!
Could counsel for a wrong like this
Have sped from Marion's mouth?
Doom ye, he stirs not in his grave
With wild and troubled thought,
To see the mighty work destroyed
For which his arm had wrought?

And he—the Grandest, Purest, Best
Of Heroes, earth has known—
That man, who for His country's sake,
Spurned from Him, Crown and Throne—
Think ye, He feels not, throned in Heaven,
A keenly solemn thrill
Of Holiest anguish, as He marks
Selfrule in Act and Will.

Think, brethren, of those bitter pangs
From which your Freedom sprung—
The burning eloquence which blazed
From the Virginian's tongue—
Remember, Massachusetts, first,
With Freedom's flowing tide
Crimsoned the bond, your after-hands
With blood, has sanctified.

And shall that bond be rent in twain
Which binds the South and North—
That bond, for which your Fathers' blood
Was poured, like water, forth?
Forbid it, Heaven! or wail it, man!
The marvel of the earth
Should, in its first fresh hundred years,
Crush out its Holy Birth.

Think of the christening blood which flowed
So freely, when this land
Reddened with Freedom's struggling growth,
Rear'd by the patriot's hand!
Clasp theirs with yours, as brethren should,
Or veil your brows in shame,
Conscious that child of God and man
Is yours—alone, in name.

Chase from your counsels, those, whose craft
That you might reap, had sown,
Or stretch your hands as Traitors' forth
And pluck the tares, alone.
Accused be they, who lead ye on,
In such a darkling time,
With lying words, when every lie
Is foul and loathsome crime.

Accused be he, who bids ye pause
An instant where ye stand—
Accused be All whose Wills divide
Freedom's United Land!
There should be neither East nor South,
Nor West—but One, to be
The marvel of the living World—
Vast, Lovely, Strong and Free!

THE TWINS; OR, MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A GREAT commotion was produced in what is called the commercial world about the year 1820, by a robbery, attended with singular circumstances, of the bank of the Messrs. Petro & Co., on Ludgate Hill.

The firm of Petro & Co. was of such extent at that time—although the house is now extinct—and the business transacted was so large, that it was computed more than a hundred persons were employed in and about the premises.

Old Sir John Petro, who was the head of the firm, was Sheriff of London in the year we mention, and although a humane and kindly disposed man in the main, yet there was so strong a feeling in his mind on the subject of commercial honesty, that any one in whose fate he could exercise an influence, and who might be convicted of any breach of trust in a pecuniary sense, was sure to receive harsh justice.

The year before that to which we allude, two clerks in the banking-house of Sir John Petro had been convicted of embezzlement, and both prosecuted and punished with the utmost rigor of the law. That is to say, they were transported for life.

The evidence on which they were convicted was, in both cases, most reluctantly drawn from a Mr. Sawbrook, who was a senior clerk in the bank and who, in the routine of his duty, was compelled to see that the defalcations in question had taken place, or wilfully to shut his eyes to them.

The probity of character of this Mr. Sawbrook, and the exactitude of all his dealings, combined with a certain honest, open, candid look that he had about him, would have been sufficient to invest him with every possible credit.

His business habits, likewise, were of a high order, so that it is no wonder he was highly esteemed by Sir John Petro and his partners.

The two young clerks, then, had been duly sent out of the country, and Mr. Sawbrook shed tears at the trial; and after it, gave a great deal more money than he could afford to the widowed mother of one of the young men.

And then came the year of Sir John Petro's shrewdness; and little did he imagine that he would have to act judicially in regard to the person who soon was a criminal in every one's eyes.

I now proceed to relate the occurrences, as they came out in evidence before the Lord Mayor, of one night at the banking-house of Sir John Petro, that night being the 20th of May, in the year 1820.

Sir John himself, or one of his partners, always went through the ceremony of locking the bullion vault of the bank one hour after the clerks had left; and whoever so locked it took away the key with him to his own home.

This bullion vault was a small gloomy apartment, believed to be fireproof, and closed by a very thick iron door, to which there was one of those enor-

mous locks which our immediate predecessors seemed to think were the only things to insure safety.

Into this room, then, at night, the whole of the bank-notes and cash of the bank was placed, the door locked, the key taken away, and the premises left to the care of a private watchman, who took his sleep in the day time, and came on duty at six o'clock, and remained up, or ought to do so, all the night in the bank.

This watchman's name was Mike Halliday, and he was a retired soldier from a regiment of cavalry, and a man who could, it was believed, be fully depended upon.

On the night, then, to which we allude this man took up his station, as was his custom, at the bank, and all appeared to be as usual.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the junior clerk, whose duty it was to get there at that hour to what was called "arrange the ledgers," arrived, and rung for admittance, which ought to have been given him by Mike Halliday. But as Mike Halliday himself afterwards remarked, "The more he rang, the more he (Mike Halliday) didn't come!"

The young clerk, whose name was Patterson, continued his applications for admission to the bank for about a quarter of an hour; and then, recollecting that there was a standing order in the establishment that so soon as anything unusual occurred Sir John Petro was to be applied to, this young clerk walked to the Crescent at Blackfriars, where Sir John resided, and told him he could not get into the bank.

Sir John Petro's countenance bore usually rather an inflammatory tint, but upon this intelligence it became mottled with blue; and he nearly choked himself with a fish bone, as he gasped, "Not—get—into—the—bank?"

"No, Sir John. But it may be, after all, that the watchman is asleep."

"Asleep! The man I employ to keep awake to be asleep?"

"Yes, Sir John."

"The world, then, sir, may come to an end when it likes, if such things happen! Wait for me!"

"Yes, Sir John."

In quite an incredibly short space of time the Sheriff was attired for the streets, and he and young Patterson walked round to the bank.

It was nine o'clock then, and no less than thirty clerks waited in the street for Patterson, whose duty it would have been, had he been admitted to the bank himself, to let them in.

The countenance of the Sheriff turned of a dusky purple as he elbowed his way through the throng, for they did not at first see him; when they did they all fell back and made way for him; and he rapped at the door of the bank with his gold-headed walking-stick.

There was quite a solemn silence, and the blows could be heard echoing through the building.

But no one came.

Then the Sheriff turned and looked with a vacant, idiotic stare at the throng of clerks behind him, and he burst into tears.

"It never happened before," he said, "in my time, in my father's time, nor in my grandfather's time! It never happened before!"

The afflicted Sir John Petro then showed a strong inclination to sit down on the doorstep, but at that moment one of his partners arrived, and learning the state of things, at once sent for a locksmith to open the bank.

The throng of clerks increased each moment. It was half-past nine o'clock. People passing in the street helped to make up the crowd; and by the time a clever locksmith had picked the lock of the outer door, there were probably five hundred persons in the street.

The police, too, had been sent for, and they kept any one not on the establishment from entering the bank.

There was an attempted rush, and some hard blows had to be struck at the door, but the officers did their duty, and only Sir John and his partner and the clerks streamed into the house.

On the floor lay Mike Halliday in a pool of blood.

A cry of horror came from every one, and then the partner of Sir John Petro ran to the bullion-room. Sir John tottered after him.

The strong iron door was open.

The sum of twenty-seven thousand pounds in gold had been abstracted!

Sir John Petro yelled with rage. The partner looked white and scared. The clerk cast sidelong glances at each other; and then the surgeon who had been sent for to look at what was, up to then, called "the dead body" of the night watchman, called out, "He is alive! The man is not killed!"

These words seemed to restore Sir John Petro to activity and action. He flew towards the watchman, and seizing him by the whiskers, which were very luxuriant on each side of his face, he shook him to and fro, as he yelled, "My money! my money! Who was it? How was it? Who came? Can you give evidence? Can you identify?"

"Murder!" said the Irish watchman. "An' it is kilt twice I'm to be—yes—today and to-morrow! Murder!"

"My dear Sir John Petro," said the surgeon, "allow me to remark that you will do the man no good by shaking him."

"Head your tongue, sir!" roared Sir John; "or if you must speak, let me not have any jargon, sir. Now, you villain, who came and robbed me last night?—or have you done it yourself?"

"Done it myself!" exclaimed Mike. "Bodad, then, by this and by that, an' it would be a mighty odd thing for me to give meself this crack on the head of me."

"But the robbery?"

"The robbery of twenty-seven thousand guineas."

"Goulden guineas?"

"Yes, bruvie—fool—knave! Speak!"

"It's polite you are, sir, any way, when you see I'm all as one as kilt in your service, sir! Will you give a pension to me now for my being murdered?"

"Villain! I'll have you up before the Lord Mayor at once!" Officer—officer! Here I here! To begin with, I will give this man into custody on suspicion."

"Suspicion? Oh, be away, I haven't had a drop since I don't know when."

"Take him before the Lord Mayor—I will follow at once. Twenty-seven thousand pounds! I'm a ruined man—a wretch only fit for the workhouse!"

"Oh! oh! oh! What will become of Sir John Petro & Co. after this terrible blow? I—I—I—Oh! oh! oh!"

"Bodad, then," said Mike, "by this and by that, the old sinner is making a song about it, an' it's all in rhyme like the elegant song of 'Dunbrock Fair'!"

"The Lord Mayor!" yelled Sir John. "To the Lord Mayor—to the Lord Mayor! Now, now—bring him along!"

"God bless me, Sir John!"

"Oh! ah! That is you, Mr. Sawbrook. You have only just arrived, sir?"

"Yes, Sir John; ten o'clock you know, Sir John, is my proper time, and it is now striking."

Mr. Sawbrook, in his usual saff-colored coat, gray pantaloons and Hessian boots, stepped into the bank; and then Mike Halliday, with a shout that awakened the echoes all over the house, terrified all the clerks, and nearly made Sir John Petro faint right away, yelled out, "That's him!—that's the thief of the world! That's the man!"

"What?" said the surgeon.

"What?" roared Sir John.

"What?" exclaimed all the clerks.

"What?" said Mr. Sawbrook, as he stood in the centre of a large circle that the whole establishment made around him.

"What do you mean?" asked one of the officers of Mike Halliday.

"Man? What do I mean?"

"Yes; what do you mean by pointing at that gentleman, and saying, 'That's the man'?"

"Bekase—bekase—"

The Irish watchman pointed full in the face of the apparently astounded Mr. Sawbrook.

"Bekase that's the man that robbed the bank, and hot me a tip on the head that made me see all the lights in the world for a minute, and then put 'em all out again, and sent me into a drame! That's the man!"

"Me?" cried Mr. Sawbrook. "Me?"

"Wid me own eyes I saw you."

"You—saw—me? Why—why, the fellow is mad! I went away at five o'clock last evening, because my man, Simkins, came from Tulse Hill to say an accident had happened to my wife, and I have been at home ever since till now, and I don't know now what has happened and what all this confusion is about."

"What is it?—what is it, Sir John?"

"I am sorry to have to say," remarked one of the clerks, in a soft, shaky kind of voice—"I'm very sorry, but I feel I ought—Mr. Sawbrook was here at seven o'clock last night."

"Here at seven?"

"Yes, sir."

"Impossible!"

"I saw you, sir. I had occasion to go into the waste ledger-room, and there you were, sir."

"Me?—me?"

"You, sir."

Mr. Sawbrook passed his hands over his eyes, and turned completely round once, as though he wished, by a general inspection of the place, to be quite sure of where he was. Then he said, "Your name is Benson?"

"It is, sir."

"And I got you your situation here, and yet you will tell this terrible falsehood!"

"I cannot help it, sir. It is the truth."

"And I," said another clerk, "saw Mr. Sawbrook in the hat and coat room, at a quarter past seven. I was late making up my books."

"You, too, saw me? You? Oh, this is some dream—some delusion entirely!"

"You are my prisoner, sir," said one of the officers, as he placed his hand heavily on the shoulder of Mr. Sawbrook. "It is my duty to say that you may make what statement you like, and I shall report it."

Mr. Sawbrook looked as if he would gladly have gone through the floor, beneath the touch of the officer's hand.

"Good Heaven!" he said; "I assure you all that I am as innocent of any knowledge of this affair as the child unborn. What does it all mean? Is it a conspiracy to take my life? What is it? Speak to me, somebody!"

"This handkerchief," said the partner of Sir John Petro, advancing from the bullion-room, "has been picked up on the floor under by one of the clerks."

The handkerchief was spread open, and in one corner was the name "W. Sawbrook, No. 8."

"It's mine," said Sawbrook, as he mechanically put his hand into his coat pocket, and took out another handkerchief precisely similar, only that it was marked five instead of eight.

Then Sir John Petro flew at him, and caught him by the collar. Poor Saw-

brook had no whiskers, and he shook him with violence, as he screamed out, "You villain!—you worse than wretch!—you whom I trusted! you who bore evidence against others, and pretended to cry when you did so!—you thief, burglar, assassin! you—"

"Sir John—Sir John!" gasped Sawbrook.

"You shall be hanged—hanged, I say! Burglary with violence! It is a hanging matter! Ha! ha! A hanging matter—where is my money?"

"Sir John, as I live—"

"My money! Where is my money?"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Sawbrook, and he burst into tears.

"Come, come!" said the officer, who held Sawbrook in a scientific manner by the back of the collar and the cuff of the coat. "Come, come, this won't do! We must go before the Lord Mayor now. It's a good case, Jinks."

"Oh, very!" said the other officer.

"He'll swing!"

"Uncommonly!"

"Come on, then! You clear the way, Jinks, and I'll bring him along."

"Po-haps," said Jinks, "as it's such a very respectable affair—twenty-seven thousand pounds—the gent would like a coach."

"A halter!" screamed Sir John Petro.

"A glass of whiskey!" said Mike, who thought everybody had begun to say what they would like.

In a low, faltering tone, Mr. Sawbrook, who seemed completely prostrated, said that he would like to have a coach, so one was sent for from the street in Bridge street, Blackfriars; and the party, consisting of the prisoner, the two clerks who had evidence to give, Sir John Petro and his partner, Mike Halliday and the two officers, proceeded to the Lord Mayor's Court, at the Mansion House.

The evidence of the Irish watchman, when divested of his circumlocutions and illustrations, amounted to this:

About two o'clock in the morning he heard the sound of some lock opening in the bank, and he at once withdrew the slide that was over his lantern, and looked about him, calling out, "Hillo! what's that?" but he had hardly got the words out of his mouth when he saw Mr. Sawbrook coming towards him, and he heard him say, "It's only me, my good fellow." Mike, who knew Mr. Sawbrook very well by sight, although he had never spoken to him, was put off his guard at the sight of him, and allowed him to come closely up to him, when he received suddenly the blow on the head which had produced insensibility until he was brought round by stimulants applied by the surgeon.

"Can you," asked the Lord Mayor, distinctly, "swear to the identity of the prisoner?"

"True for you, your majesty, I can."

"You have no doubt?"

"Not a ha'porth, my lord."

Then came the evidence of the two clerks, who had seen Mr. Sawbrook later than he was ever known to stay in the bank.

Then the officer deposed to the statement he, the prisoner, had made, that he went home at five o'clock, and then the handkerchief was produced, which was found in the bullion-room; and, so far as was necessary for a remand, there was an abundant case against Mr. Sawbrook.

The Lord Mayor shook his head.

"Prisoner," he said, "have you anything to say to all this?"

"Let me tell me where the money is!" cried Sir John Petro.

Mr. Sawbrook cast a sad, imploring look about him, as he said, "I only wish I could, because that knowledge would probably imply the finding out the real criminal. All I have to say is, that I am completely innocent of this crime laid to my charge. I usually, as all the clerks know, leave the bank at six o'clock, and go home to Tulse Hill by the coach from Gracechurch street. Yesterday, though, there came a message from home, by my man, Simkins, to say that my wife, Mrs. Sawbrook, was dangerously ill, and I went away at five o'clock. When I got home I found that she had had a succession of fainting fits, and indeed was so unwell, that she did not appear to me to be in her right senses. I had out my pony-chaise then, and came to town to get Dr. Pratt to come with me and see her; but I found that the doctor was from home and could not see him, and I went home again, and stayed until eight this morning. My wife is still very unwell. That is all."

"Very well," said the Lord Mayor. "The prisoner has made his statement which, I presume the clerk has taken down?"

"Yes, my lord," said the clerk.

"Then I remand him till— What is to-day?"

"Friday, my lord."

"Then let him be brought up again on Monday."

"Your lordship will let me go home," said Mr. Sawbrook, faintly, "on—on good bail?"

"Certainly not."

"Alas! alas!"

"My money!" screamed Sir John Petro, at this juncture. "If you look for any mercy in this world, you will restore to me my money!"

"Sir John Petro, I know nothing of your money; you must appeal to whoever took it, not to me."

"You took it! wretch, you took it! Where have you hidden it—where? Somewhere at Tulse Hill, I fancy, which makes you so eager to go home. Oh, villain, villain!"

"Sir John! Sir John!" said the Lord Mayor. "I pray you to forbear. You know that every possible facility will be given for a search at the prisoner's house. Let him now stand committed upon the very grave charge against him, and he ought to know that a restoration of the plunder is always a favorable circumstance at the trial of a prisoner."

"And do you, my lord, think me guilty?" said Sawbrook.

"I have not the smallest doubt about it."

"And—and—the law—the penalty?"

"It is my duty to tell you that you stand in the position of the utmost gravity for as the law now stands, burglary with violence is death."

Mr. Sawbrook fell in a swoon to the floor of the dock.

Between this first examination of the accused and the Monday to which he had been remanded, I was engaged by Sir John Petro's solicitor to conduct the prosecution; and the facts, as they were detailed to me, went quite sufficiently far in my mind to warrant a belief in the guilt of the prisoner.

Indeed, unless the witnesses were all forsworn, I did not see how to come to any other conclusion on the matter. It was quite possible that, having possession of a chaise, Mr. Sawbrook might have so disposed of his time as to seem to be at home and yet be at the bank; and it was most suspicious that he should never that he went home at five, and that two clerks actually saw him at seven in the bank.

I took the trouble to examine and cross-examine these clerks myself, and I felt convinced they spoke the truth.

I had Mike Halliday, too, at my chambers several times, and tested his story in every possible way, and was quite convinced he was a truthful witness.

"Mr. Sawbrook is guilty," I said to myself. "He is one of those artfully respectable rogues who trade upon their good character, and so frequently get through life without being found out." I was all the more anxious about the case, because I felt perfectly sure that if he were convicted he would certainly be hanged, and I had a shrinking horror of our then sanguinary criminal code, which was only just beginning to be ameliorated, but was not sufficiently so to save such a man as Sawbrook.

And yet—yet I did not feel able to define the feeling that would, at times, come over me that something was mysteriously wrong in the whole affair. What could it be? There was the case—there was the evidence. What loophole was that through which there seemed to shine on to me, mind some most strange and mysterious ray of light that made things doubtful which ought to have been as clear as noon?

I asked myself this question many times, but could find no satisfactory answer to it.

And here I may say that, in regard to the profession of the bar in criminal cases, I do not think that it happens once in a hundred times, that the counsel for the prosecution would not much rather hear a verdict of not guilty than one of guilty.

In civil cases, I admit, freely, that there is a struggle for conquest, apart from the real merits of the case, but myself I will say, and for many of my professional brethren, that there has been no disposition to press hard a criminal prosecution.

Of course, I except, not for myself, but for others, political prosecutions. There, at times, party spirit will obliterate all that the advocate ought to feel as ennobling in his profession; and I am sorry to say that, in all classes of cases, and especially, too, in some criminal ones, I have seen a strong animus on the part of certain judges which cannot be sufficiently condemned.

But to my story.

The most rigorous search by the police at Mr. Sawbrook's house, at Tulse Hill, did not result in any discovery that threw light on the crime for which he was remanded.

Mrs. Sawbrook was found to be a weak, nervous woman, suffering from a chronic state of bad health and weak-mindedness. On hearing that her husband was in prison on a charge affecting his life, she lapsed at once into a state of imbecility which took the form of constant lamentations.

And where was the money?

That continued a mystery.

So large a sum in gold as twenty-seven thousand pounds it was proved that no one man could carry. What then had become of it? How had it been got away, and where had Sawbrook, even if he had treasured his penny-chaise with it, placed it so completely to elude discovery?

These were questions which perplexed everybody, and which took hold of the curiosity of the public, so that there were letters in the newspapers starting various ridiculous surmises; but the Monday came, and nothing was discovered.

I attended at the Mansion House, but I did not interfere with the case. I wanted to see what was done, and how the prisoner looked; for, being counsel for the prosecution, I, of course, had no communication with him.

If I were to say, in brief, what my impression was of Mr. Sawbrook, I should say it was that of a man who did not feel quite sure that he was awake, or else he had the art of putting on such an appearance of simplicity and confusion, with the idea that it would benefit his case.

There was no further evidence for the prosecution; but the attorney for the defence produced the man Simkins, who was gardener and groom to Sir Sawbrook, at Tulse Hill, and who had been mentioned as coming to the bank for his master, on the day in question, at one hour earlier than he was in the habit of leaving.

I took a copy of this man's depositions. It was this:

been home, and had put the pony in the chaise himself, and gone to town. He came home again at a quarter before nine, and I took the reins from him, and put up the pony and chaise for the night."

This was the statement made by Simkins, and the implication sought by it was that, after that, Mr. Sawbrook remained at home until the following morning, and therefore could not have been in the bank at two o'clock, or thereabouts, to hit Mike Halliday on the head, and to rob the bullion-room.

I did not think it worth while, at that stage of the proceedings, to trouble the Court at the Mansion House with any cross-examination, as I was perfectly aware that the intention of the Lord Mayor was to commit the prisoner for trial, and I knew, too, that he would be brought up and tried on the Friday succeeding.

I knew, too, that he would be hanged on the Monday following, if found guilty.

And whenever I thought of that, the uneasy feeling of "something wrong" would come over me, but what it was passed all conjecture.

The Friday came. There was one trial for horse stealing, which ended in an acquittal, and then Mr. Sawbrook was placed at the bar charged with burglary, attended by violence and attempt to murder.

My statement of the case was very brief, and I called the witnesses in the following order.

Sir John Petre, to prove the locking up the bullion-room as usual on that night.

The two clerks, to prove they saw the prisoner at the banking-house as late as seven o'clock.

The night watchman, to prove the attack upon him by the prisoner at two o'clock in the morning.

The person who found the handkerchief belonging to the prisoner in the bullion-room.

All this went well enough, and tallied the one thing with the other; but I was rather surprised at the pertinacity with which the counsel for the defence kept questioning and cross-examining the witnesses about the exact clothing worn by the prisoner.

The two clerks and the Irish watchman both deposed that the prisoner had on a snuff-colored coat, gray pantaloons and Hessian boots. In fact, that when they saw him he was in his usual costume.

Then the counsel for the defence called one of the clerks again, and said, "Does the prisoner at the bar dress smartly or shabbily?"

"He appears to wear a suit of clothes a long time, and then we see him come in a completely new one."

"Does he ever come in the old one again after that?"

"Never, that I noticed."

"Was he smart or shabby when you saw him, as you say, at seven o'clock?"

"Shabby, decidedly."

"Was he in the same suit he had worn during the day at the bank?"

The witness hesitated.

"Come, sir, answer me in the name of truth and justice, at once!"

"Then I should say he was not. It seemed to me as if he had gone home and taken off his last suit, and put on the old one he had left off."

"That will do."

These same series of questions were asked of the other clerk, and the same replies got.

I could not make out what was the object of this line of examination, but we were let into that secret, for the counsel for the defence called aloud, "Maria Sawbrook!"

The next moment the half imbecile-looking wife of the prisoner at the bar was helped into the witness box.

It was quite a moot point, then, whether the testimony of a wife could be received in cases affecting the husband, and there had been some fine controversies about the point. Some lawyers contended only that the wife's evidence was inadmissible, when she was herself in any way concerned or *particeps criminis*, while others would put her out of court altogether.

The judge looked at me and seemed doubtful.

"My lord," I said, "we are all here to-day in the service of truth and justice. I don't think that in regard to the law what the wife of the prisoner may say will be evidence, because we cannot know how far she may have been cognizant of the robbery."

The counsel for the defence looked anxious.

"I do not wish to raise points of law," he said, "but the wife of the prisoner has statements to make."

"It should have been made before the magistrate," said the judge, "and put on the depositions. Do you put it forward as evidence, Brother Starkie, or in support of some theory for the defence?"

"Partly the one and partly the other," my lord.

"Well, with the consent of all parties, I have no objections to hear what the wife of the prisoner has to say."

Upon this, Mrs. Sawbrook, with many tears, two or three faintings, and a world of irrelevant matter, deposed as follows:

"My husband has a twin brother, who is so like him, that it would be quite impossible to tell the one from the other; but while he is my husband has done well in the world, and is an honest man, his twin brother has been transported for robbery, and we all thought he would never be seen in England again."

"That is true!" cried Sawbrook, who appeared to be listening with the most intense eagerness to what his wife was saying.

"But," added the wife, "but on the morning of the 20th last past, I was walking in our garden at Tulse Hill, close to the fields at the back, and away from the house, when, from the other side of the hedge, all over mud and looking quite dreadful, I saw Thomas Sawbrook, my husband's twin brother!"

"Good heavens!" said the prisoner.

"I cried out, and would have run away, but he called to me, saying, 'I will be the death of you, and all belonging to you, if you don't stay and listen to me!' So I said; and then he said, 'I'm going off to America, but I want money and clothes to go in. Give me both, and you will never see me any more; but if you don't, I'll go to the bank and ask for it there or take it.' And he frightened me so that I gave him twenty pounds and my husband's last left off suit of clothes, and then he made me take a solemn oath not to say I had seen him, and I did, and then I fainted away; and Simkins coming from the stable, saw me lying on the ground, and made an alarm, and had me taken indoors. And then he went and fetched my husband, but I was afraid to say what had happened, for fear of bloodshed between the brothers—and besides, I had a sworn not; but now I feel that I ought to tell all; and that is all, as there is a heaven above us!"

There was an intense stillness in the court while this statement was being made, and at its conclusion Sawbrook called out—

"I see it all now! I see it, and you must all see it! It is my bad twin brother who has done this robbery. I am innocent!"

"Where is this twin brother?" asked the judge.

No one could reply to this question, but the counsel for the defence said, "My lord, if time be given, we will find him."

"I am afraid you must apply to the Secretary of State for that. I must continue my duty here, and place the prisoner in the hands of the jury!"

Mrs. Sawbrook was carried fainting out of court, and the judge summed up the case.

"The prisoner at the bar stands accused of burglary and violence, with intent to murder. The penalty of the offence is death in either of the latter cases, associated as they are, the one or the other of them, with burglary. It appears that the prisoner was senior clerk in the service of Sir John Petre & Co., and that great confidence was reposed in him. He had a salary of two hundred and eighty pounds per annum. I find it proved that on the evening of the 20th of this month the prisoner left the bank one hour earlier than customary, on the plea that he was sent for home. I find it then proved that the prisoner was seen at the bank as late as seven o'clock on that same evening, once in the waste ledger room and once in the hat and coat room, although he made a declaration, sworn to by the officer, that he had not left home after going to it from the bank, which declaration was afterwards modified when before the Lord Mayor, who was the committing magistrate, to the effect that he did come to town to seek Mr. Pratt. Then we have the testimony of the groom, Simkins, that he saw the prisoner for the last time that night at Tulse Hill about nine o'clock; so that up to that hour the time of the prisoner seems to be accounted for from five—that is, for four hours. He went home, he drove to London to seek Dr. Pratt, he was seen at the bank at seven, and home again at nine."

"My lord, my lord," said the prisoner, "I was not at the bank."

"You must not interrupt me, prisoner."

"But, my lord—"

"Nay, you must be still. A time will yet come when you may speak."

Sawbrook was silent.

The next appearance of the prisoner," continued the judge, "was, according to the testimony of the witness, Mike Halliday, at the bank again at two o'clock in the morning, when he committed a murderous assault on that witness, and after which, no doubt, the money was stolen from the bullion-room. How the prisoner got into the bank after it was closed for the night, does not appear; nor how he got rid of so large a sum of money in gold as was abstracted from the premises. It may be that after the witness, Simkins, had taken the pony-chaise for the night, as he thought, from the prisoner and retired himself to rest, that pony-chaise may have been brought into requisition again, and materially facilitated the robbery. I do not say it was so, but it might be so. Then, again, nothing could be easier than for one so well accustomed to the bank premises as the prisoner to get impressions of the keys of the outer door and of the bullion-room; and so having false ones made—the efficacy of which he might easily find opportunities of trying—to make his way on to the premises. Then, again, it is said that the mere weight of the gold renders it difficult to believe that the prisoner could have removed it; but it came out in the course of the trial that the regular watchman on the beat, which passes the door of the bank in question, had disappeared. That watchman, gentlemen of the jury, it has been stated, was recommended to the parol authorities by the prisoner at the bar. Well, gentlemen, you have the whole case fairly before you, but it is proper that I should make a remark in regard to the theory set up for the defence, namely, that the prisoner at the bar has a twin brother, who is so like him, that, having procured a suit of his clothes, he made his way into the bank, was mistaken for the prisoner, and committed the offence. So says the defence, gentlemen of the jury; but I need hardly remark that, while there is abundance of proof of the criminality of the prisoner, we have no proof whatever in regard to the twin brother theory. Nevertheless, should your verdict be adverse to the prisoner, I shall feel it my duty to carry to the foot of the throne, through the Secretary of State, that most extraordinary statement of the prisoner's wife. Gentlemen, the case is in your hands, and I pray to heaven that you may be guided to a correct decision. If you see sufficient cause to doubt the guilt of the prisoner, it will

be your bounden duty to give effect to such doubt by a verdict of not guilty; but if, on the contrary, the facts sworn to appear to you to admit of no alternative but an opinion of the guilt of the accused, your duty to yourselves, to your country and to heaven is that you pronounce him guilty."

"My lord," said the foreman of the jury, "may we put a question to the man Simkins?"

"Certainly; let him be called."

"What was the condition of the pony and chaise in the morning when you saw them after the night of the twentieth?"

"The condition, sir?"

"Yes; clean or dirty?"

"Oh! dirty, sir; I never clean up till the morning."

"Then," said the judge, "the question comes to nothing, since the one use or the double use of the chaise would present no appearance that would distinguish the fact if it had been used once or twice."

The jury bowed, and retired.

I rested my head upon my hands, and wondered what would come of the case.

There was a bustle in the court, and I heard the clerk of the assizes say, "Gentlemen, what say you, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!"

"By the heaven above me," cried Sawbrook, "I am innocent!"

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "if you have nothing further to say, it is my duty to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law."

"I am innocent—innocent! It is my bad—oh, so bad and wicked—brother who has brought me to this pass! It is murder—murder!"

The judge held down his head until Sawbrook had ceased speaking, and then he sentenced him to death in the usual form.

The prisoner was removed, crying out, "Murder! murder! murder!"

The counsel for the defence came over to me, and we left the court together.

"Will you help me," he said, "to save this innocent man?"

"I will help you," I said, "to save him, on the doubt if he be innocent or guilty."

And we did all we could. The whole affair was laid before the Secretary of State, but in the absence of all discoveries about the supposed presence of the twin brother in London, nothing was done; but the unhappy Sawbrook was informed that the law would take its course.

Monday morning, the 20th May, came drizzling with rain. Ten days had only elapsed since Mr. Sawbrook had appeared a "prosperous gentleman," and now, on that raw spring morning, he was to be dragged out to be strangled. No wonder that the man was nearly mad.

A horrible sort of fascination took me to Newgate, to see the execution. Sir John Petre was there, with his chain of office, looking like some huge bloated oar waiting to devour some one. I was inconceivably shocked at the sight of Sawbrook. He looked as if twenty years had rolled over his head since even the day of his trial.

The prison bell sounded.

"Murder!" shrieked Sawbrook. "It is murder!"

The procession was formed. The sea of heads appeared in sight from the debtor's door of Newgate. The scaffold was beneath.

"Murder!" again cried Sawbrook.

"Good heavens, this is terrible!" said the chaplain. "Oh, dear, dear sir, think of another and better world than this."

"Murder! murder!"

He seemed resolved to go to death with that cry on his lips.

I shrank back as the scaffold was reached, but at the moment that I did so I heard such a shout from some one in the crowd, that I nearly stumbled on to the steps of the scaffold.

"Houd him! There he is! Hurrah! Houd him, boys! Whoop! Whoop! Hurrah! The thief of the world! On the house-top! Come down, you villain! It's myself, Mike Halliday, as sees for once the likes of you! By this and by that, it's myself! There he is—beyond the chimney-pot!"

Five thousand pairs of eyes looked up to a house-top opposite Newgate, and there, lying on the tiles, was a man in a snuff-colored coat, in gray pantaloons, in Hessian boots, so like Sawbrook, but that one was pale and the other was tanned by exposure to the weather, that you could not a week before have told one from the other.

It was the twin brother!

Some inclination had brought him there to see the execution, and when Mike's eyes had fallen upon him he was paralyzed from fright.

The house was stormed; fifty hands tore the shrieking villain from the house-top! It was only by main force he was dragged half-dead into Newgate, for the mob wanted to hang him.

Sawbrook was free!

In due time the brother would have been executed, but he cheated the hangman by dying in prison. He made a full confession, though, which confirmed all that Mrs. Sawbrook had stated, and added that in 'he watchman on the beat he had found an old acquaintance, and it was he who had helped him with the gold, which was all found in the attic of the house in the Old Bailey.

He, Thomas Sawbrook, had hidden in the banking-house, where the clerks had seen him at seven o'clock and mistaken him for his brother, and so he had found the robbery easy, as he was quite skilful enough to pick the lock of the bullion-room.

Sir John Petre looked very silly, but Sawbrook would not go back to his bank. He rallied from the shock he had received, but he fell within twelve months a victim to the mental suffering he had undergone.

The innocent man was justified, and escaped judicial murder, but he still fell a victim to circumstantial evidence.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The great gossip of the day in London is the Gurney divorce case. The infatuation of the lady is too well-known to need recapitulation. Strange to say, both Mrs. Gurney and her paramour groom deny all criminality, declaring their attachment to be purely Platonic. As Byron said, fifty years ago, Plato has much to answer for.

Criminals and shoplifting seem to go together in London. In Paris, however, they do not so secret places, but more bulky articles. A French paper says: "An unusually tall woman, of the name of Chéry, was on Saturday tried by the Correctional Police of Paris for robberies committed in a singular fashion. One afternoon in November last she went to an hotel in the neighborhood of a railway station, and representing that she had just arrived in Paris, took a room and ordered dinner. After her repeat, she went away to, as she said, post a letter, but never returned, and it turned out that she had carried off a sheet, a blanket, a clock, a knife with a silver handle and two napkins. As she had nothing in her hands, she must have secreted the first three articles in her crinoline, which was of gigantic dimensions. From not fewer than seven other hotels or lodging-houses she stole cloths, blankets, bonnets, hair, silk dresses, and various other articles, and in spite of their bulk and weight, carried them off unperceived. At last she was arrested. The Tribunal, learning that she had been previously condemned, sentenced her to five years' imprisonment and five years' surveillance of the police."

While France and England have been beating John Chinaman into a treaty, the Russians have got one without any expense or trouble beyond the asking. It very much increases Russian territory.

The care bestowed upon legal questions in England is a great and dignified feature in that nation. Since the death of a lady's evidence was struck out because "she did not believe in future rewards and punishments!" The matter has been carefully argued before the judges, who have sustained the objection to her testimony.

It is the intention of Louis Napoleon to arm the entire military of France with six barrel revolvers.

From China we hear that the indemnity for the murdered English prisoners has been received, and that Lord Elgin and Sir Hope Grant have sailed for Japan. The weather was intensely cold, and the river Peiho frozen over. A strong allied force of British and French would remain in Tien-Tsin.

The war was nearly over in New Zealand. An usual, the savages were defeated everywhere.

It is said that the postage between England and France is to be reduced to twopenny.

We announced in a previous number the sudden deaths of the Count and Countess Montemolin, of Spain. We give the particulars from a Trieste paper. The symptoms are those of the plague, although it is termed typhus fever. It will be seen that three of this ill-fated family were actually taken in this fearful manner: "The Infante Don Ferdinand and the Count and Countess of Montemolin went on Christmas Day to the chateau of Brunsee, the residence of the Duchess de Berry. On the 26th the Infante fell ill, and on the following day a fearful eruption made his appearance, which terminated his existence at half-past six in the evening. On the 5th January the Count and Countess de Montemolin left the Duchess de Berry's residence, taking with them their brother's body, which was afterwards inhumed at Trieste. On the 7th the Count fell ill; by the 11th he was thought out of danger, but on the 13th a second and more violent eruption appeared, which carried him off. He expired at four in the morning of the 13th. The Countess, who had also been seized with the same disease, typhus fever, and not scarlatina, as had been stated, died at midnight."

FRANCIS CURIOUSITY is much excited in England by a case now progressing to try the legitimacy of the daughter of a lady who called herself the Princess Alice of Cumberland. The general opinion was that she was an impostor, but the evidence is so conclusive that she was the daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, brother to George III., that the judges have decided that her daughter has established her case. This decision makes the old Duke of Cumberland a bigamist. It is somewhat remarkable that, at the very time this inquiry is being made in England into the marriage of an English Duke, a similar one should be going on in France, to test the legitimacy of the son of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson. Both Cumberland and Jerome were bigamists, and their recognised children illegitimate.

The weather in Europe remains very severe.

SIR DE LACY EVANS has come out very strong against Louis Napoleon, and calls upon England not to relax her preparations for war, as he has no faith in their amiable ally. The volunteer force is being rapidly increased, and promises to become very efficient.

A VERY GOOD DOMESTIC TOAST—"May your coffee and the slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds."

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILFORD, Del., Jan. 22, 1861.
MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—I take this method of asking you some questions in regard to billiards—that of forfeitures—viz: When A. plays and caroms on the white and red and goes in the pocket, what is the forfeit? Again, should A. carom on the two red balls, one of which he pockets, what is the forfeit?
I understand what the forfeits are when playing in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, but as the players here seem to think that their own way is right, which I would like to be wrong, I would like you to give them some information in regard to the above through the billiard column of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. By complying with this request, you will oblige many players here, as well as
Your obedient servant,
H. L. R.

Ans.—L. One. H. Two.
M. PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—On Friday, January 4th, I offered a prize of \$10 for the longest run made in any single game of caroms.
A. ran the game out from the lead, making just 42. B. in another game, counted up to 23 and then made one shot of 5. Which is entitled to the prize, or is it a tie? Your decision is requested.
Yours, &c.,
CHARLES ANDERSON.

Ans.—According to the terms stated in the first paragraph of our correspondent's letter, the result is a tie.
It is not stated, however, whether each party—A. on making his 42 points, and B. making his 23—immediately ceased playing, or whether they continued on to see how much each could make. If they did so, B. is the winner.
In either case the prize goes out of the hands of the gentleman that offered; in the latter case, it is, of course, the property of B.—in the former, the property of both, to be played for again, or divided, as they may agree upon.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BASE BALL AND BILLIARDS.—Our readers will remember that a challenge was issued in this paper some time since, on the part of the Excelsior Base Ball Club, of Brooklyn, offering to match a certain number of their members to a game or games of billiards against a like number of members of any other base ball club in the United States. We see, by the last number of the *Clipper*, that this challenge has found takers in the gentlemen of the Henry Eckford Club, of New York.

"HERRON CLIPPER."—Some time since the Excelsior Base Ball Club, of Brooklyn, issued a challenge to match four members of the Excelsiors against any four members of any base ball organization in the United States, to play a friendly match game of billiards. Now, sir, in behalf of the Henry Eckford's Base Ball Club, of New York, I will make the following proposition, viz: to match one member of the H. E. Club against an equal number of Excelsior (amateur player), to play a match at billiards (carom game), 1,000 points up, on one of Michael Phelan's tables. The game to be played in June next, and to be for the championship of the two clubs. Hoping to hear from the Excelsiors soon,
I am, respectfully,
W. H. BELL, President of H. E. C.

There is no doubt but this official proposition will be speedily responded to by the Excelsiors. We hope an arrangement may be arrived at by the representatives of the two clubs. A match between their billiard representatives in June next would give additional interest to the great billiard tournament, and the game might even be played on the prize table which is being prepared for that occasion.

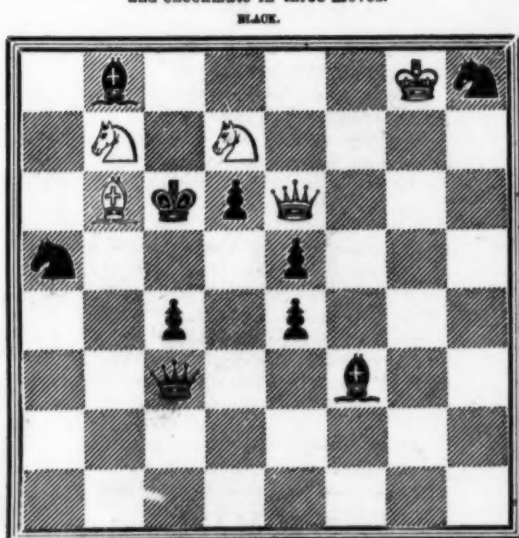
CHARITY, FRIENDSHIP AND FUN.—An interesting gathering for benevolent as well as festive purposes took place at Hermitage Hall on Monday evening, 11th inst. It was a complimentary ball, given for the benefit of one who has been connected with the billiard business in the city of New York, Mr. Edward Seaman, who has been some time past suffering from illness. The get-together of this affair were for the most part employees in Phelan's Tenth street establishment, where the beneficiary was last employed. The gathering was a very pleasant one, and all the participants partook of that double pleasure which men feel when, at the same time they are amusing themselves, they are aiding a suffering brother. The order of dancing contained some features complimentary to persons prominent in the billiard world, and some humorous allusions which require illustration to be appreciated. Everything went off pleasantly, and the amount realized will add to the comforts of the deserving beneficiary, and we hope, aid in his restoration to health.

We feel that it is only due to those engaged in the various departments of the billiard business to bear testimony to their ready and unflinching charity to each other. Their labors are very arduous; in fact, in few other occupations is the stipend of labor more hard-earned, yet they are always ready to assist each other, and are unsurpassed in any branch of business in the fraternal feeling which they display towards each other whenever they are called on to help a brother who has met with reverse, or, if he be stricken down by sickness, to help to restore him to health or smooth his path to the grave. In this connection, we take the liberty of suggesting to our young friends that it would be well to have their charity, instead of being subject to desultory appeals, organized in the shape of a benevolent society.

M. BERGER in NEW ORLEANS.—M. Berger arrived in New Orleans on the 20th ult., accompanied by his agent, Mr. Michael Geary. His first exhibition took place at Masonic Hall on Saturday, 2d inst., before a most fashionable and delighted audience. He played with Mr. Geary, and the audience testified their appreciation by enthusiastic applause. M. Berger made some new shots, which were received with great favor. The second exhibition, which took place on the 4th, was not so numerously attended, in consequence of the prevailing political excitement, which seems likely to interfere with M. Berger's success. On the 6th, however, the exhibition was more numerous; M. Berger played with a gentleman of New Orleans. On the following day he was to have given an afternoon exhibition. On the 9th, M. Berger was to have given an exhibition in the French quarter of the city, and the next week in some of the clubs, the Louisiana, Pelican, &c. M. Berger had a table set up in a private apartment for the purpose of giving lessons. M. Berger has to pay a license fee of twenty-five dollars per week, a tax on amusement which is establishing a city so artistically inclined as New Orleans should lay on his exhibitions.

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 284.—By W. C. C., of New York. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. E. N. Y. Your position in four moves is sound. Those in seven and nine moves will be of no use to us, as they are objectionable, being "suicide" and in too many moves.—T. B. CHERRY, Philadelphia. Position in two moves sound but no chess. That in three moves may be accomplished by White. The draw is the best. C. H. H. Boston. Your position in four moves has already been published with a slight alteration.—S. H. H. Rochester. The draw may be accomplished in another way. The position is an interesting one.—A. R. Waverly House. Position faulty. Several solutions.

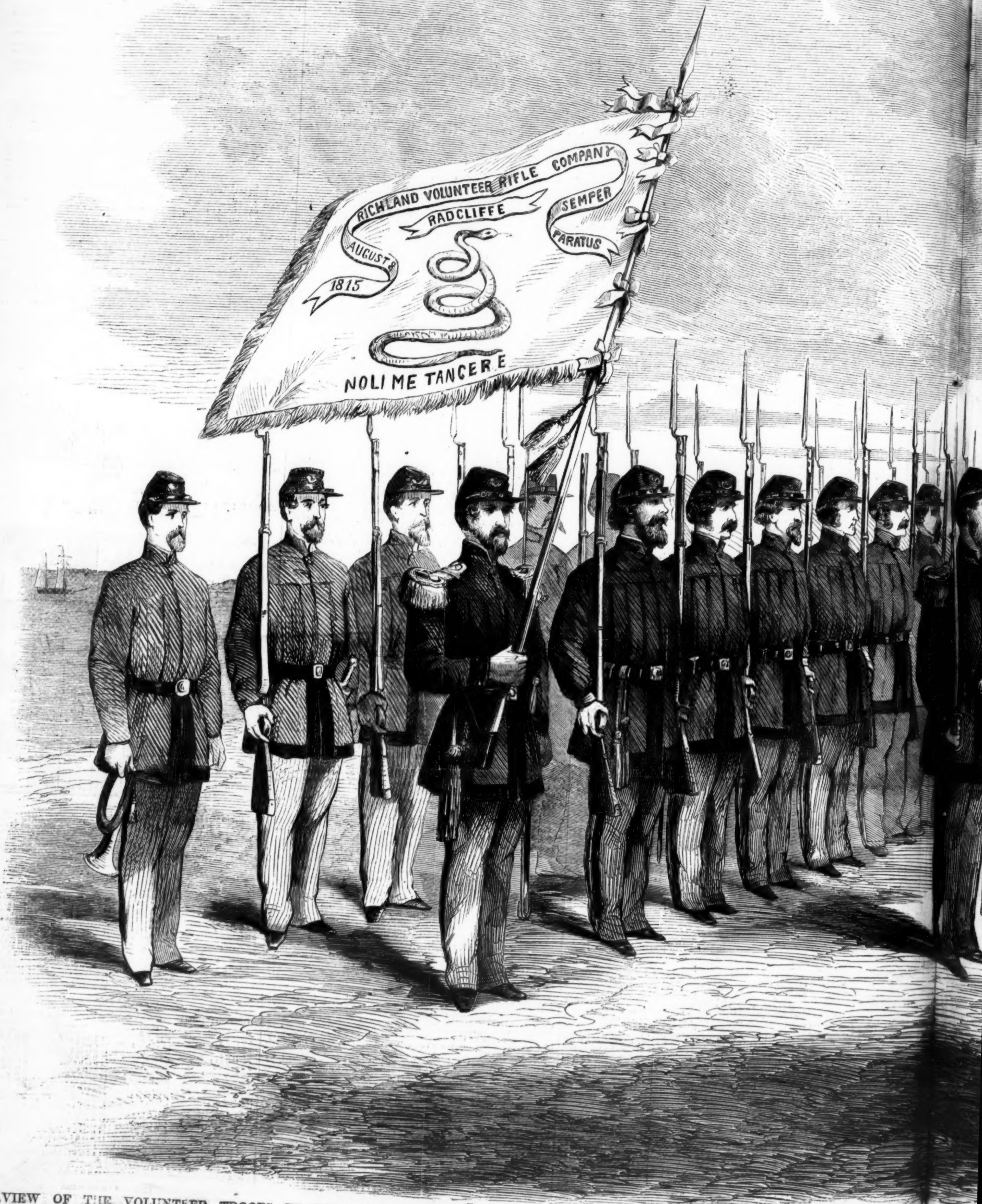
GAME BETWEEN MR. PHILLIPS, Hon. Secretary of the Bristol Chess Club, and another MEMBER.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	17 Q to K5	P to K5
2 P to Q4	P to Q4	18 P to K5	P to K5
3 P to K5	P to K5	19 P to K5	P to K5
4 P to Q5	P to Q5	20 P to K5	P to K5
5 P to K5	P to K5	21 P to K5	P to K5
6 P to K5	P to K5	22 P to K5	P to K5
7 P to K5	P to K5	23 P to K5	P to K5
8 P to K5	P to K5	24 P to K5	P to K5
9 P to K5	P to K5	25 P to K5	P to K5
10 P to K5	P to K5	26 P to K5	P to K5
11 P to K5	P to K5	27 P to K5	P to K5
12 P to K5	P to K5	28 P to K5	P to K5
13 P to K5	P to K5	29 P to K5	P to K5
14 P to K5	P to K5	30 P to K5	P to K5
15 P to K5	P to K5	31 P to K5	P to K5
16 P to K5	P to K5	32 P to K5	P to K5

And Black mates in four moves.

FINE GAME PLAYED AT THE ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB BETWEEN MESSRS. BARNES AND KOLMAN.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K4	P to K4	17 Q to K5	P to K5
2 P to K5	P to K5	18 P to K5	P to K5
3 P to K5	P to K5	19 P to K5	P to K5
4 P to K5	P to K5	20 P to K5	P to K5
5 P to K5	P to K5	21 P to K5	P to K5
6 P to K5	P to K5	22 P to K5	P to K5
7 P to K5	P to K5	23 P to K5	P to K5
8 P to K5	P to K5	24 P to K5	P to K5
9 P to K5	P to K5	25 P to K5	P to K5
10 P to K5			



REVIEW OF THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS IN FORT MOULTRIE, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C., IN THE PRESENCE OF
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



THE PRESENCE OF MRS. PICKENS AND MISS PICKENS, THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA. ANOTHER VIEW IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 220.

ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On Virtue's base is fix'd to last,
When love's allurement long are past,
Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem.—Swift.

MR. EBENEZER COTTON, of Dursley Court, was as much a man of business in his domestic as in his manufacturing affairs. His mansion was kept up and conducted with the greatest regularity and order; every servant had his allotted duty to perform in a specific department, and in no other. Any irregularity in the performance of his functions was followed by a prompt discharge from Mr. Cotton's service. The gardens, grounds, parks, preserves, farms, were all conducted on the same plan. The most able men, on liberal salaries, were employed as superintendents, and the result was that Dursley Court was a model of order and beauty. Its gardens produced the finest flowers and fruits in the county, its preserves the largest stock of game, and its farms the finest and largest crops, for every agricultural improvement which science could bring to the culture of land or the raising of crops Mr. Cotton availed himself of, satisfied that the first outlay, promptly made, saved a world of expenditure, and quickly repaid itself.

Mr. Ebenezer Cotton had selected his wife, not because she by chance happened to be a pretty girl, but because he saw that she was quick, active, intelligent, shrewd, and a good manager. And now he proposed to effect the marriage of his eldest daughter, not with a view to the fulfilment of her woman's mission, that she should marry and be happy with her lord, but that she should marry a real live lord, become a lady, and the mother of many little lords and ladies.

He had a latent notion of obtaining a patent of nobility for himself, but about this he was not so urgent, as his wife had not blessed him with a son. He was, however, anxious that his daughters should become ladies of title and carry the Cottonian blood through noble channels, until, perhaps, as in cases on record, this purple stream should mingle with the fluid in regal or imperial veins.

He was too shrewd a man of business not to know that his object could not be accomplished by half-measures, and that he should have to bid high to realise it. No sooner had he formed the notion than he cast about for the opportunity of an introduction to some needy noble, who would give his name and rank to any young female for a handsome consideration. He was quickly spared a lengthened search by the sudden courtesies offered him by the proud Lord Kingswood of Kingswood. Many men in Ebenezer Cotton's position would have shrunk from attempting even to propose such an alliance to a man of Lord Kingswood's haughty character, himself wealthy, and presumed to be excessively proud of his ancient descent. But Mr. Cotton was a man of much experience, as well as of a nature not easily rebuffed. He was neither thin-skinned nor over-sensitive of insult. He had found, in the course of his business experience, that men without price were extremely rare, and so he decided on trying Lord Kingswood, and to proceed point-blank to his purpose, with a bait so golden that the proud noble would find it a difficult matter to permit pride to be alone the insuperable objection he might offer to such an alliance with his house.

It appeared that Ebenezer Cotton caught Lord Kingswood at a moment when he was eaten up with mortification, humiliation and despair, and to his surprise, but more to his delight, he found his proposition entertained without any of the opposition he had anticipated. After his interview with Lord Kingswood he hurried back to Dursley Court and held a *tit-a-tit* with his wife, who listened to him with open mouth and extended eyes, but without reply. Accustomed to have his way, he did not observe her amazement, nor that she did not exhibit the same amount of delight which he felt and could not conceal.

Having communicated all he thought necessary to his wife, he sought his eldest daughter, and found her in company with her sister, deep in confidential conversation over matters of not the slightest moment—interesting, perhaps, to themselves, but of importance to nobody.

As a business man, Ebenezer Cotton hated circumlocution, and he never employed it under any circumstances. He therefore informed his eldest daughter of his intentions with respect to the disposal of her hand and the step he had taken. He bade her be prepared to meet the Honorable Mr. Cyril Kingswood at any moment, and to treat and to regard him as her accepted suitor—in fact, her affianced husband.

"You will have time to look about you, Nell," he said, "for the Kingswoods are off to London, whither we will follow directly. I shall take you both to some grand parties when we get there, all among lords and ladies, I can tell you. I shall give a fine party or two myself, and shall invite lots of great folks, because I mean to look out a young lord for your sister Henrietta there. Your mother will tell you what will be the proper thing to do. I think I've done pretty well, you jade, to tell you that you will shortly be the Honorable Mrs. Cyril Kingswood, and after that, Lady Kingswood. Think of that, Nell—my Lady Kingswood of Kingswood!"

As he uttered these words, he waved his hand with quite an air, and stalked out of the room with a pompous swing and strut.

The two sisters, as soon as he had gone, looked at each other with a strange, startled aspect, and both burst into a fit of laughter.

Then the eldest flung her arms about her sister's neck and gave way to a sudden passion of tears, and very vehemently ejaculated, "Oh, Nettie! Nettie!"

And almost at the same moment she tore herself from her sister's embrace, and, running out of the apartment, sought her own chamber, into which she locked herself, leaving her sister alone, full of amazement and marvel.

Mr. Ebenezer Cotton suffered no weeds to choke up his time. After he had communicated his views to his wife and daughter, he wrote and instructed his London agent to look out for a furnished house for him, somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Lord Kingswood's town mansion; and the town agent being a business man, too, or Mr. Cotton would not have employed him, set about his task immediately upon receiving his instructions.

A nobleman's residence, handsomely furnished, situated within a hundred yards of Lord Kingswood's, was that very morning placed in the hands of the house-agent to whom Mr. Cotton's man of business applied. The lordly owner had a magnificent villa situated on one of the beautiful natural terraces overlooking Lake Como, and he had retired to it with the intention of spending a few years there and at Rome. He therefore let his London residence for that term, and for a sum which, in Italy, would be considered a respectable income. Mr. Cotton's agent secured it, and within three days after the arrival of the Kingswoods in London the Cottons were installed in their new abode. Mr. Cotton returned his income to the not dissatisfied income tax assessor at one hundred thousand pounds per annum, being less than his annual profits on his business, he could, therefore, afford, for a time at least, to live in high style.

He at once made many additions to the already gorgeously-furnished house. He hired a complete retinue of servants, and dressed them in unexceptionable liveries. He was already in possession of a stud of valuable horses, which he caused to be brought to London, and he purchased several new carriages of various kinds, which, as money was no object, were acknowledged to be as handsome as any that had ever been turned out.

In this new household the same business regulations were enforced as at Dursley Court, and the result was a model mansion of gorgeous magnificence, cleanliness, order and decorum.

Mr. Cotton gave dinner-parties, and Mrs. Cotton receptions. At these meetings noblemen, members of Parliament, celebrities and wealthy commoners were invited, and came. Who refuses the invite of a man with a hundred thousand a year?

Ebenezer Cotton was honored with the presence of peers, baronets, bishops, the bar, and a host of those twiddlem-twaddums, who, with bastard reputations for abilities they do not possess, are pitched into good places and good society, about which they flutter, dawdle, and fawn, and tondy, the very hollowest of impostors. Ebenezer Cotton regarded them as enormous humbugs, but tolerated their

presence because they were received at other places, and because, perhaps, that he had heard some senile dowagers speak of them as "good creatures," which, in his true belief, they were not.

Ebenezer Cotton devised these parties and receptions purposely that he might dazzle the eyes of Lord Kingswood with their splendor; and, if his pride had any latent misgivings respecting the match, to sweep them, by these means, away.

At most of them Lord and Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud and Cyril were present. Not one of them, however, appeared to take much interest in the scene presented to their eyes or of the individuals presented to them. Lord Kingswood, even when engaged in some subtle political controversy with an active dogmatic member of the House, turned his restless eyes uneasily and constantly to various portions of the suite of chambers thrown open to the guests.

Lady Kingswood, pale and haggard beyond the power of an elaborate make-up to conceal, was fidgety and uneasy when alone with Lady Maud or Cyril, and moved her eyes wanderingly, as if in search of some one. She was yet more perturbed and agitated when she found the calm, silent, seemingly passionless Marquis of Chillingham at her side, conversing in undertone, uttering bitterly-sarcastic observations upon the assemblage, her own husband being not specially excepted.

Lady Maud appeared pale, dull and spiritless, and Cyril even yet more listless and inanimate. He had received his orders to pay to Miss Eleanore Cotton that particular attention which heralds an engagement, and he obeyed, but in a very lifeless kind of way. Miss Cotton received his attentions with that enchanting embarrassment which is expected from a young lady in her peculiar position. She started when he spoke to her, she turned crimson and then a deathly white, she said "no" when she ought to have said "yes," and "yes" when "no" would have been the proper answer. In fact, she behaved herself in that way which the twiddlem-twaddums of society style "delightfully proper."

Poor girl! Her thoughts at those times were not turned on what was "the proper thing to do." She was, unfortunately for herself, rather too natural.

Mr. Cotton, however, carried his point. Lord Kingswood was surprised by what he beheld, and though he might have sought and obtained a higher alliance for Cyril, he, for certain private but present and urgent reasons, was anxious to get Cyril married as soon as he could. Ebenezer Cotton's offer, if the rather unpleasant newness of his origin had been less objectionable, was one to which he could not, under ordinary circumstances, have taken exception; but now, with the memory of his son's unspoken reply to the agonised question he had addressed to him beneath the window of the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase blustering on his brain, all the considerations pride would have suggested were banished, and he was as eager for the match to become *un fait accompli* as Ebenezer Cotton.

One interview had, subsequent to the meeting in the Chase, and after their arrival in London, taken place between the father and the son. Cyril listened only to what fell from his father's lips. He did not reply; he was not requested nor wished to give one; he heard all in silence, with set teeth, contracted brows, and a heart settling down in his breast as if it were a cold block of lead; he quitted his father's study, and sought the silence and the solitudes of his own.

Lord Kingswood had made a singular, strange, wild, improbable communication to him, but he had delivered it with so much earnestness and vehemence, with such evident faith in his truth, that he was staggered when he brought to bear upon it that kind of reasoning usually called common sense.

Certainly, when he came to remember the circumstances attendant upon his acquaintance with Violet, with those which surrounded her, her very presence and existence in such a wild, lone locality as that where they were wont to meet and wander together, he could not repress a strange, crawling thrill creeping over him.

Again he flung away with impetuous scorn the notion that she was—could be other than she appeared—so sweet, gentle, loving, tender and innocent. So pure in thought, so guileless in action, so enchantingly fascinating, without an effort, without seeming to know the wondrous influence she shed around her, how could she be a spirit of evil—a Circe whose love was lavished only for the purpose of destruction?

Yet his father, with frenzied emotion, had spoken of a being like herself dwelling where he had met her, who for centuries past had brought sorrow and shame upon his house, in the destruction of its head.

He was painfully startled and bewildered when he recollected her unexpected appearance in Hyde Park, as an equestrian, perfect mistress of manege, attended and surrounded as some fair creature of high life, and yet a short month or so he had seen her—had known her for years past a simple denizen of the forest.

He was young, and his mind partaking somewhat of the character of both parents, lacked that firm stability which was so essential to guide him in his present position.

His father had so passionately besought him to remember that he was the heir of the House of Kingswood and to make any personal sacrifice to sustain its dignity; he with oaths and protestations declared that he had himself so acted in his youth; and no matter what the amount of pain and grief it might cost him, it was his duty, to the name he bore, to do likewise.

Cyril felt that he did owe to his name and to his lineage a duty which ought to rise superior to the dictates of a mere youthful fascination—frenzy—passion—humbling to his position and to his ancestry; but at the same time he entertained a conviction that his affection for Violet was not a vulgar freak, a passion abating when gratified, nor was there in his love for her anything abasing to his condition. She was lovely in form, graceful and elegant in mien, and she possessed a mind cultivated to a degree somewhat extraordinary when it was remembered where and under what circumstances she had been reared. The chief thing which startled him was the mystery in which she was enveloped and the remarkable statement made by his father concerning an enchantress who, appearing at certain intervals to the successive heirs of the barony of Kingswood, lured them to destruction. There was a strange coincidence in this legend and the circumstances attending his intimacy with Violet, and his heart suddenly stilled in its pulsations as a suspicion flashed across his mind that the supernatural, notwithstanding the contemptuous scorn with which he had always heard it alluded to, might not, after all, be a vulgar fiction.

If this were a fact, then, indeed, it was needful to crush out of his heart the absorbing love he bore for the forest maiden; then, indeed, it would be time to consult the dignity of his position and the honor of his race.

But then, too, if this proved to be a fact, the creature he loved was a phantom, a creation of the imagination, an intangible, unearthly spirit, moulded in vapor. Was Violet—delicate, sylph-like, spiritual as she looked—such a phantom? No, the thing was impossible. Yet she was known among the foresters on his father's possessions as "The Wonder of Kingswood Chase." By them she was regarded as a spirit, and though he had oftentimes laughed when he heard them speak of her in subdued tones and with looks of awe, yet now he felt a cold, unearthly thrill pervade his frame as he remembered their crude speculations and his father's revelations.

Spirit or no spirit, he loved her with his whole soul, now more fondly, passionately, dearly than ever. Yet, had she a weird origin, it was only too sternly plain what would be his duty.

Filled with distracting, contending thoughts, his unhinged mind now urged in one direction, and then lured by love-pleadings in another, he oscillated between the promptings of love and duty. At one moment he decided to crush heart, love, happiness, by one fell step, the next to fling away every consideration of filial duty, every inducement of family pride and family ties, and cling for good or evil only to her he loved so fondly.

Between these wild and frenzied urgings, alternately swayed by one or the other, he took no decided step at all, but suffered himself to be the mere sport of circumstances. By the peremptory directions of Lord Kingswood, and as well by the skillful contrivances of the ever-active Mr. Ebenezer Cotton, he found himself unconsciously, as it were, and without caring, frequently in the society of the eldest daughter of the latter, saying to her he knew not what, and receiving from her low, faint replies, to which he either did not listen, or they passed by his ear unheeded.

He was restless, depressed, and frequently abstracted in the society of Eleanore. Yet he resorted to it, partly because he was commanded, and partly because it saved him the trouble to think where to go. Then, too, Eleanore Cotton was as silent, abstracted, and as uneasy as himself when they were alone, and very little better when any third or more persons were present. This peculiar conduct, it is true, was attributed to her shyness and bashful timidity, but it was agreeable to Cyril, for it spared him exertion.

She was a pretty blonde, and might have honestly won the heart of as good a man as ever stepped. She would not have been a true

woman if she had remained blind to this fact, but it is certain that she seemed to look with a great deal of nervous tribulation on the prospect of winning the love of Cyril Kingswood.

Until one morning.

She stood before her glass in her dressing-room, putting the last finishing touches, assisted by her maid, to her attire and its adornments, for she expected to be escorted by Cyril to a morning concert, according to arrangement, when a thought crossed her. It was as if a sudden and joyous light had broken upon her mind and shed a blissful radiance upon it. A smile spread over her features, her eyes kindled up brightly, and her bosom heaved tumultuously. She hurried over the remainder of her toilet, and descended to the room in which she expected to find Cyril.

He was there, sure enough. His gloves and hat were flung upon a couch, and he sat by a table, his elbow leaning on it, and his temple resting on his hand. He looked, the very picture of desolation and despair.

Eleanore Cotton remained motionless for at least a minute, watching him with earnest, anxious eyes. He had not heard her footstep, or the rustling of her rich silk dress, and he seemed, so deeply was he absorbed, as if the jack-boot, with its clanking spur, of a Life-Guardsman would have made no more visible impression upon him.

Eleanore was pretty well satisfied now that his love for her had not reached the point of frenzy, and it occurred to her yet more vividly than it had a few minutes previously that he exhibited less of the passionate attention of an ardent admirer than he had the very first hour of their introduction.

Then he had been lively, chatty, full of compliment and exceedingly attentive. From the moment that her father had announced to her that she must regard him as her affianced husband he had been cold, reserved and very inattentive. The impression struck her with especial force at this moment. She gave a sidelong glance at her face and figure reflected in one of the mirrors which adorned the apartment, and then followed a scarcely perceptible flush of the cheek, and the least possible toss of the head.

She looked at him again steadfastly, and he yet remained motionless, unconscious of her presence. He heaved a heavy sigh—a sad, prolonged sigh—and she seemed suddenly to be under the influence of some strong inward emotion. She blushed, and then became pale. She pressed her tight gloves over her small white hand, and pulled and tugged at them as if she was endeavoring to discover what amount of force they could well stand without tearing.

At length she murmured,

"Papa says love is a part of our common life, and we ought to take a business view of all the affairs of life, therefore we ought to take a business view of love. I will just try if I cannot profit by the lesson."

She advanced gently to where Cyril was sitting, and placed herself by his side.

She was still evidently very much perturbed and excited, and she trembled like an aspen; but she tried to affect a calmness and self-possession she certainly had not.

She laid her hand softly on Cyril's shoulder, and she whispered in his ear,

"Cyril."

It was but a touch—the word but a murmur; yet he turned instantly, and leaped to his feet. A name escaped his lips, and then a look of disappointment stole over his face; he reddened, became embarrassed, and made one or two incoherent observations.

She noticed the look of disappointment, and smiled at his confusion.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Kingswood," she exclaimed, in low tones, and she again laid her hand gently upon his arm; "I intend to scold you."

He bowed, and complied with her wish, but with an absent air, which plainly said that he had either not heard or did not heed her menace.

"Now you must pay attention to me, and not look so deplorably absent," she said, with some little emphasis, "for I am about to speak to you on very, very important business."

"Business!" he ejaculated, his attention drawn by her manner and the tone of her voice.

"Well, love, then," she replied, looking down, and becoming on the instant a violent scarlet.

The attention of Cyril was now quite riveted. The word "love" startled him, but he made no reply, though he fixed his bright eyes earnestly upon her.

"I presume," she went on, in tremulous tones, "that your—pardon me, Mr. Kingswood—grand, noble, grim papa has acquainted you with the object which he and my very worldly, money-minded papa have in troubling you with a very unpleasant excess of my society."

"Pray, Miss Cotton, do not speak of yourself in such undeserved terms," interrupted Cyril, quickly.

"Oh, sir, I was speaking of you, not myself," she rejoined, with a faint smile. "I have a very fair opinion of my own attractions, I confess, although they may not possess an equal value in the eyes of others. But to my question. You have been made acquainted with the object of which I speak?"

"I—I have," he stammered, not a little amazed at her plain-speaking.

"And ever since, sir, you have come to me a-wooing," she added, proceeding to try her strength on her second glove, having succeeded in effecting a rent in the first.

Cyril was very red, and very hot; very embarrassed too. He could not utter a word.

"And how have you set about it, sir?" she went on, her voice quivering strangely. "You have sat by my side like a log of wood. You have been deaf when I spoke, and blind when I wished you to see. You have been reluctant to approach me, listless when near me, and rejoiced when you have escaped from me."

"Miss Cotton," he hastily interposed.

"There, again, Mr. Kingswood," she continued. "You great people have fine ways. Had you loved me, high as you are, you would at least have called me Eleanore—perhaps Nelly—or if you loved me very much, Nell—instead of which you can say nothing but those odious words—Miss Cotton."

"But, Miss—" commenced Cyril, with an air of offended dignity.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, casting her eyes hastily to the door of the apartment. "The meaning of all this is that you do not love me, Mr. Kingswood."

She fastened her eyes suddenly and earnestly upon his. He, perfectly bewildered, let his fall.

"Mr. Kingswood," she continued, in a voice which trembled with emotion, "it has a yet deeper meaning. You love another?"

She uttered these words, though in an under tone, with so marked a stress upon them, that he rose up to his feet with a haughty expression upon his pale face.

She rose up too, and extending her clasped hands towards him, said, with passionate earnestness,

"As a gentleman, as a man of honor, I entreat you to answer me. Is it not true?"

Her whole frame was for a moment convulsed; her eyes gleamed as they sought to read his; her lips quivered, and her bosom panted and heaved with the intensity of anxiety with which she awaited his answer.

Cyril was no casuist. He considered subterfuge mean and unmanly. It was for him to answer yes or no. To withhold an answer he felt would be ungenerous to her and unworthy of him. To utter other than the truth he would not.

He bent his head, and, in a low, soft voice, murmured,

"It is true!"

"Thank Heaven!" she ejaculated, and burst into a fit of tears.

Then, before he had time to utter a word, she caught his hand, and in a quick, hurried tone, exclaimed,

"I, too, love another; I have from my girlhood. I would die rather than break the truth I have pledged to him. But, Mr. Kingswood, opposition on your part and on mine would, at present, be mischievous to both. I detest deceit, but my happiness is at stake, and if I do not wrong you, yours is also; there can, therefore, be no harm or wrong to any one if we for a time should appear to be very good friends, reconciled to our engagement, and prepared at the appointed hour to fulfil it. I will, when the time comes, send the tie between us, and the blame shall not fall on you. By that period, perhaps, happier days may be in store for you, as it is plain your course of love runs not smooth. Pray, Mr. Kingswood, think gently of me for the strange, wild, perhaps indecorous step I have taken, but I was in a desperate strait, and pray grant me the boon I crave—it will surely be the best course for both of us to pursue." Her voice became inarticulate as she uttered the last words.

"I will in truth think tenderly of you, dear Miss Cotton," said Cyril, raising her hand to his lips, "for you have hazarded much that you might continue true to him to whom you have pledged your faith. And I thank you, for you have saved me a lesson which my heart

will break ere it forgets. It shall be as you suggest; we will be lovers only in seeming, but friends for ever."

"Oh! Mr. Kingswood, oh! Mr. Cyril—heaven bless you; you have made me so happy!" exclaimed Eleanore, wringing her hands, while tears of joy coursed down her cheeks.

"Hush!" exclaimed Cyril, hastily. "There is a footstep in the corridor. You are ready for the concert? The carriage is at the door; take my arm." And so saying, he conducted her from the apartment, as a footman appeared at its entrance to announce that the carriage awaited them.

CHAPTER XXX.

Her step was royal—queenlike—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in paradise.—Longfellow.

THE Marquis of Chillingham, on the day named by Phariase, gave a grand dinner-party. It was followed in the evening by a brilliant reception.

A large proportion of the fashion, beauty and wealth of London—one might almost say of the kingdom—were present. The proud, haughty aristocratic peer, the purse-prond millionaire, men in power and men out of it, the high dignitaries of the church, the magnates of the bench, the stars of the bar, patrons and the patronised, were all commingled in a continuous flowing stream. The fairest women in creation were mixed up with the plainest; the graceful with the dowdy; the slim and elegant with the fat and unwieldy. Men exhibited care, taste, arrogance and foppishness in their dress; and the ladies in their attire—heaven save the mark, we will not even suggest how the vanities of life were paled before their magnificence. Everything the fatigued or excited eye rested upon was gay, sparkling and brilliant. Among the giddy throng, flushed faces, wreathed smiles, joyous recognitions and delighted expressions of felicity and enjoyment reigned supreme; but how little of all that seeming happiness was real! Pride, vanity, envy, jealousy, scorn, distaste, aversion and all the meaner emotions were, as they ever are in such assemblages, seething, boiling, eddying and frothing beneath the assumed surface of serenity or very polite delight. Alas! for poor human nature, how its infirmities—ignoble and unworthy—mix up and overshadow the generous and the good.

The dinner had been attended by a very select party. Lord Kingswood had that day gained the prize he had some years been striving for—a post in the Ministry. The sudden death of one of the members of the government created a vacancy which the Marquis of Chillingham had sufficient influence to obtain the appointment of Lord Kingswood to fill. A seat in the Cabinet was attached to it, and rendered the appointment therefore an important one. At the dinner special congratulations were offered to his lordship by the many high and distinguished men who were present, and he could not help glancing with pride and triumph at Lady Kingswood, who sat on the right hand of the Marquis of Chillingham, as the flattering and complimentary expressions were poured upon him from all quarters.

In every joy there is some bitterness; the heartiest mirth is usually followed by a sigh. There is pain attendant on emotions of pride, and how rare are the hours of triumph unaccompanied by alloy!

Lord Kingswood felt a cold sickening of the heart as he beheld the scornful, contemptuous glance with which his wife responded to his look of elation. It was such a glance as she had never bent on him before. It was not an expression of ill-temper or wrath for some fancied slight. It was not the sullenness of vexation, created by some trivial and unexplainable matter of offence—but it was a glance of virulent scorn. The flashing of her eye, the curl of her proud lip, the bitterly contemptuous cast of her features were beyond misinterpretation to one who knew how to read them so well.

He was both startled and shocked. Hitherto her anger and her ill-humor had arisen from, in most instances, unfounded jealousies. They had gone to a certain extent, and then ceased, to be again renewed upon some equally frivolous cause or hasty and unjust surmise. The clouded brow had been over-shadowed but for a moment or so, and then had been restored to its wonted serenity. Under any circumstances her rage had never degenerated into scorn; but now he beheld in her expressive features a settled contempt and aversion, which, on its discovery, almost paralysed him.

This was not all. He had never been jealous of his wife—under all aspects of his married life he had believed his honor unassailable. The small flirtations of Lady Kingswood, indulged in, as he believed, merely to vex him, and to punish him for some slightly pointed attention to a lively, coquettish young beauty, he had passed unheeded. He understood their inspiration, and he smiled at them in pity rather than in anger. Now, however, he observed, that while she darted at him a glance of withering disdain, she was unusually complaisant, smiling, tenderly agreeable to the Marquis of Chillingham, who, impassive and undemonstrative himself, did not evidently object to the *empressment* of Lady Kingswood. In a moment all pride, all triumph faded from his mind; his swelling heart contracted until it ached with a sharp cruel agony. He no longer heard the fluttering vaticinations of one or two of his new colleagues in power, nor did his own speculations revel in anticipations of distinction and world-wide renown. He could think of nothing but the heartless contumely of Lady Kingswood, see nothing but what his jaundiced eyes viewed as her shameless behavior to the Marquis of Chillingham.

The dinner and dessert seemed to him interminable, but it ended to his intense relief, the ladies retired, and the assembled noblemen for a short time sat over their wine and discussed politics. Lord Kingswood, expected on such an occasion to give an insight into his political creed, remained silent, choked with emotions such as he had never before experienced. It is true that there were certain direct questions he was compelled to answer, but he proffered nothing, not even a commonplace remark. Strange to say, instead of his conduct being regarded with surprise and suspicion, it was viewed as an exhibition of skillful reserve. Not one individual present had the slightest conception of the real cause, nor detected in his pallid countenance, or the globules of cold perspiration standing in thick clusters on his throbbing forehead, the mortal agony searing his convulsed breast.

It was at this table, and while the congratulations on his assumption of political power were yet sounding in his ears, that Lord Kingswood felt his recently-formed conviction, that retribution is not a fable, strengthened.

His uneasy eyes glanced round the table involuntarily, for it seemed to him that Ishmael, with a triumphant smile, would be somewhere seated there revelling in his torture.

His first intention, when the ladies retired from the table, was to quit the mansion of the Marquis of Chillingham, and return home without appearing at the evening reception, but the whisperings of jealousy urged him to remain and to watch his wife. He resolved if that he observed her overstep by an inch the decorum due to her own fame and his honor he would interfere in a manner at once so prompt and decided as to effectually put an end to such indiscretion for the future.

The reception commenced, and swarms of the noble, and titled, the distinguished and the undistinguished, pressed on each other's heels in seemingly endless succession into the suite of gorgeous apartments thrown open for the reception of the invited guests. One of the most celebrated of the military bands was placed in the extensive and magnificent *salon de danse*, and several of the first singers of the day were engaged to execute their *chef d'œuvre*.

Lord Kingswood entered the room alone, and in a sickened, irritated mood. He knew that Lady Kingswood would return to his mansion to change her dress for the later reception, and he hoped to catch her before she departed from the Marquis of Chillingham's, in order that, in their ride home in his carriage, he might elucidate from her some reason for her extraordinary conduct.

To his mortification he discovered that she had already quitted, and that her own carriage not being up, she had accepted the use of one belonging to the marquis, which happened to be at hand. He was detained some time before he could obtain his own carriage, and when he did reach his residence, and sent word to Lady Kingswood that he wished to exchange a few words with her, he received for a reply that she was engaged at her toilet, and could not then give him an interview.

Bitterly as he was enraged, he suffered no observation to escape his lips, and proceeded to make some changes in his attire. He then discovered that Phariase was absent. None of the servants, on inquiry, could inform him whether he was gone, or when he would be likely to return. His lordship, therefore, perforce, had to attend to himself, as he would not permit any other attendant than Phariase to approach his person. Unable to decide what change to make, he strewed his dressing-room with garments, flung passionately here and there, and ultimately resolved to await the return of Phariase.

He flung himself feverishly and restlessly upon a couch, and for

the thousandth time reviewed the singular and disturbing behavior of Lady Kingswood. Unable to bear the pressure of contending thoughts and wild speculations, each more horrible and affrighting than the other, he hurried to his study to pen a few lines to his wife. A few stern words of counsel, and some menacing expressions of warning, he believed would have greater effect than if he were to have an interview, which might result only in bitter recriminations. He sat himself down to pen them, but found it much easier to originate the conception than to realise it.

A hundred notes were written and torn up. Some were too fierce and wrathful, others too feeble, a few were too indefinite, and others were calculated to draw retaliation upon himself.

All the time he was writing, the face of Erle Gower—his boy—the son of her—floated before his vision, pale, stern, thoughtful, as he had last, and most unexpectedly, seen it in the park, side by side with that of him he now most hated and most feared in the world. And this boy's face presented itself to him as Lady Kingswood's reply to every angry remonstrance he might attempt to address to her.

He flung down his pen distractedly, and returned to his dressing-room. Phariase had not returned, and he was compelled to make his own toilet as best he could, and with care, too, for he shrank from anything which might betray, especially on that night, the disordered state of his mind.

When dressed, he rang for his carriage, and was informed that it awaited him.

"Did Lady Kingswood's maid acquaint her ladyship that I await her," he said, in his accustomed cold, haughty tones.

"Her ladyship ordered the Marquis of Chillingham's coachman to await her, and her ladyship has already departed in the lord marquis's carriage," replied the footman, with a bow.

Lord Kingswood felt his heart sink deeply within him. His upper lip quivered visibly, but not a word, not a sound escaped him—he only waved his hand for his servant to precede him, entered his carriage, and was driven at a dashing pace to the Marquis of Chillingham's.

On entering the room, his son Cyril, who had arrived with Lady Maud, came up to him, and affectionately congratulated him upon his appointment to a high and honorable post in the Government.

Lord Kingswood only said in a hoarse voice—

"Where is Lady Kingswood?"

"I have not seen her ladyship," replied Cyril; "but she has arrived, and is somewhere yonder, for Carlton Stanhope has just told me that he had spoken to her."

Lord Kingswood did not reply, but turned to depart in the direction Cyril indicated; he was, however, recognised by various noble and political friends, who were full of congratulations upon his appointment, and his design of approaching his wife was for a time frustrated.

Cyril was alone—Carlton Stanhope had requested Lady Maud to favor him by accepting his arm for a short promenade, and she assenting, had quitted Cyril the moment previous to the arrival of Lord Kingswood. As, however, Lord Kingswood turned away, Mr. Ebenezer Cotton faced Cyril with his two daughters. Mrs. Cotton not being present, kept away by a slight indisposition, Cyril at once presented his arm to Eleanore, and in accordance with their previous arrangement, he, relieved from the apprehension that she was destined to become his wife, paid to her marked attention, and forced a flow of spirits which were the reverse of his natural feelings.

Beatrice Stanhope, leaning on the arm of her father, and dressed with consummate taste and care, passed him. Her deep dark eye flashed almost with scorn as it fell upon Eleanore Cotton, and her lip slightly curled as Cyril bowed in recognition as she passed.

He observed her glance at Eleanore and the sarcastic expression of her lip as she turned her face to him. It occasioned a momentary feeling of resentment within his breast, because he felt that the atack was intended for his companion rather than himself, and he therefore redoubled his attentions to the *parvenu* daughter of the merchant prince.

It was just at this moment that the military band commenced with grand effect a march with marked time, and to which the guests promenade, falling into more regular order than they had previously observed. The introductory movement on the instruments was of a very brilliant kind, and its effect was to induce all the promenaders to fall into a train, leaving a space in the centre of the *saloon* which extended nearly its entire length.

The strains of the music suddenly changed into a softer measure, and thence glided into a sweet and plaintive melody.

At this instant a strange, wild buzz ran round the room, and the heads of the promenaders were abruptly turned in one direction.

Down the centre of the apartment advanced with slow steps, yet in harmony with the time of the air played by the band, a youth and a maiden.

The maiden was fair even to the snowy hue of marble, and her features were of rare and singular beauty. Her large, dark, lustrous, yet melancholy eyes she once or twice upraised to gaze upon the strange throng of wondering faces, or at the costly and superb decorations of the princely hall, and then her long, dark, fringed lashes hid them from admiration. Upon her head she wore a crown of flowers—composed alone of a twined wreath of the Virgin's bower. Each star-like blossom held in its centre a large, glittering diamond, which gave a fairy-like aspect to the head-dress, the weird effect of which was heightened by the smooth glossiness and hue of her rich, deep, dark brown tresses, which fell gracefully down her neck, where, by the coiffeur's art, they were elegantly confined. Her dress, plain and flowing, was of the very choicest material, and in color a singularly delicate pale green, yet partaking somewhat of the first verdant leaf of spring. A circlet of diamonds was about her neck. A single diamond of extraordinary size and lustre clasped her zone, and her small wrists were adorned with the same kind of precious gems, throwing out coruscations of light of many dyes, rose-bloom, amethyst, purple and crimson.

The youth at her side, dressed with finished elegance, pale as herself, but haughty and stately in his bearing, held her soft gloved fingers in his own, and paced with her down the hall.

Following them was a tall, elderly, pale-faced man, with a stern expression upon his features, but with a noble and distinguished air.

It was strange that among the body of personages present, not renowned for reserve or in uttering remarks *sotto voce*, not one gave way to a rude exclamation as they passed. An involuntary silence took possession of them, and an equally voluntary, in fact, enforced respect. It was only when they were past that they seemed to breathe freely, and in wondering whispers inquired who were this singularly handsome pair.

At the end of the *salon* stood the Marquis of Chillingham—alone. Near to him was Lady Kingswood, in an excited state of high-flown spirits, and within reach of her words Lord Kingswood, whose button was held by Sir Harris Stanhope.

The daughter of the latter still remained by her father's side, although her attention seemed to be fixed on Cyril Kingswood. An angry expression was upon her features, as though she was vexed that he should devote himself to a pretty nonentity like Eleanore Cotton.

Quite close to the group was Carlton Stanhope, deeply engaged in endeavoring to make himself especially agreeable to Lady Maud St. Clair, who, he had suddenly assured himself, was really a very exquisite creature.

The low, strange murmur that sounded through the room like the warning moan of a rising wind, caught the ears of many of the haughty personages in the immediate vicinity, and caused them to stretch their necks and strain their eyes in the direction whence the singular and unusual tones proceeded.

Lord Kingswood, taking advantage of his wife's being left suddenly alone, joined her. At the same moment Lady Maud moved swiftly to Lady Kingswood's side, and with trembling finger pointed towards the part of the *salon* to which the eyes of nearly all present were directed.

Cyril, so occupied by his purpose of preventing Eleanore observing the cold and contemptuous glances of Beatrice Stanhope, neither heard the murmuring sound nor observed the quiet commotion going on. He only sought to prevent his fair companion feeling pain and annoyance by the cold disdain of one from whom, from what he knew of her, he least expected such an exhibition of unworthy pride.

Bending over Eleanore, whispering words which seemed to be those of endearment, but were only expressions of a commonplace character, uttered with unnecessary fervor and animation, he did not observe the exquisite form which passed near to him, the pale face turned towards him, the deep, earnest, and eyes bent upon him, into which came a sudden expression of acute anguish ere they were turned from him.

But Eleanore exclaimed, as she clutched his wrist—

"Mr. Kingswood, pray look; what a lovely creature! She is quite like a fairy spirit, I declare."

He turned his head, and a cry of wonder escaped his lips.

He hurried after the wondrous creature, and would have taken her hand, but he was pulled sharply and firmly back, and a hollow voice murmured in his ear—

"Have you forgotten the hunting-lodge in the depths of the wild Chase—the doom of your race, boy?"

It was Lord Kingswood, who, with blanched face, spoke to him.

But Violet, for it was her, turned to Cyril, and involuntarily stretched her hands to him, as if she implored him but for one word.

At the same instant Beatrice Stanhope ejaculated—

"How unearthly!"

Staggered by the passionately earnest remarks of his father, and the observation of Beatrice, Cyril stood motionless, as if paralysed.

Lord Kingswood, about to repeat in yet stronger terms his prohibition to Cyril to speak to Violet, found himself clutched by Lady Kingswood with a nervous grip.

She pointed to Erle Gower, and said, in an undertone, but with intense and agonised emotion—

"Kingswood, if you would not bring down upon yourself malediction and madness—if you would not drag down upon us both here, ruin, misery, destruction and eternal perdition hereafter—tell me by your immortal soul—who is the father of that boy?"

"Eh—Jove!" abruptly exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham, ere Lord Kingswood could, even if he would, have uttered a word.

"Why, a—Kingswood; here is your FAMILY SECRET!"

His cold lordship said this professedly in an undertone, but it was not so subdued but that, as designed, it caught the quick ear of the agonised Lady Kingswood.

While the words, however, were yet on his lips, the calm, passionless lord was suddenly betrayed into a display of extraordinary emotion, and he cried, in quivering tones, extending with animated action both hands—

"Good God! Horace Vernon. Have you sprang from eternity?"

But ere the grave, gloomy man he addressed could reply, he held within his arms a senseless human form.

Cyril bent his eyes beneath the wild, appealing gaze of Violet, and slowly averted his face from her.

Then a white mist rose up before her eyes, and bereft of sense and motion, she fell into the arms of the arbiter of her fate, known to her only under the name of Ishmael.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A COLLISION took place last Wednesday at Poughkeepsie, between two ice boats, one belonging to General Davis and the other to Mr. Booth, both well-known residents of Poughkeepsie. A sudden flaw of wind struck the boats, rendering them unmanageable, and as they were going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the collision took place between them left both perfect wrecks. Strange to say, only those who were in Mr. Davis's boat were injured, and these were much bruised.

CHARLES M. JEFFERDS, who has been imprisoned for nearly eight months on suspicion of murdering Walton, his stepfather, and Mathews, having petitioned the Legislature to be tried, it is understood his trial will take place in the course of the month.

A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING man named King went into Miller's bookstore, and, while pretending to look at some books he wanted to buy, was seen to secret a couple of volumes. Upon being accused of the "paganism," he drew a revolver and fired at the clerk's head; fortunately the ball missed, and lodged in the ground. He was arrested, and committed on a charge of felonious assault.

A FEW days ago a wholesale poisoning case occurred at New Orleans, in the case of the *Steamer's Home*, which institution is located at the corner of New Levee and Sazette streets. Twenty-one persons who were a short time before in the enjoyment of perfect health, were stricken down from the effects of a deadly drug which had been mixed with the corn-bread eaten at breakfast. At the instance of Mr. Rickards, the Superintendent of the Home, the Chief of Police arrested Charles Peterson, a young man who had charge of the baggage-room, and Hannah Dougherty, the cook. The latter says she received a tin box, which from the label purported to contain yeast powder, from Peterson, and that she used a teaspoonful of the contents in making the bread which was eaten at breakfast. Peterson knew no more about the tin box than that it had been left at the office sometime before, and not having been called for, he saw no necessity for keeping it longer, and so gave it to the cook.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred at Chicago, on Monday, the 11th, when seven persons were drowned while attempting to cross a small stream in Mercer county, in a slight boat. The party consisted of an old man named Minty, Mrs. Mary Hayden and two children, Mrs. Elizabeth Hodson and two children, and Mrs. Bargo and two children. Minty saved himself and one of Mrs. Hodson's children by swimming. Mrs. Hodson remained in the sloop, holding her other child an hour and a half on the sideboard, until assistance came. Both were taken out alive, but the mother died shortly afterwards.

AT PITTSBURG, on the 11th, a diabolical attempt was made to destroy the family of Mr. Hooper, a well-known citizen of Lawrenceville. It was in the shape of an internal machine, and placed in the window, and then fired by means of a fuse. The whole front of the house was shattered by the discharge, but no mortal to relate, no one was damaged. The perpetrators are not yet discovered.

JULIUS CARMANA, an Italian pedlar, was passing through the Five Points, when a woman approached and threw a bag over his head. Two men then came up, rifled his pockets and ran off with his pack of goods, valued at \$60. Theresa Townsend and Michael Cronin were subsequently arrested by the police and the pedlar identified them as the robbers. They were taken before Justice Kelly and locked up.

A COUPLE of Jerseymen residing at Keyport have recently discovered a new oyster bed, which bids fair to create an excitement something similar to that on Long Island Sound some two years since. The shell resembles those of the "Old Sounds," with a meat like the East River, and a flavor said to be equal to the famous Norwalk oysters. The two men who discovered the bed of course keep the locality secret, merely giving the locality on the Jersey shore between Conner Island and Sandy Hook. They fish for them only during the night, and take them by dragging in over twenty feet of water. Several baskets of these oysters have been received at one of the principal saloons in Jersey City, and judges pronounce them a superior bivalve.

THE Stevens' floating battery has long been a myth. The present national trouble has brought it before the world, and we understand a vessel is now loading in Philadelphia with ammunition for this water battery. The guns came from Fort Pitt foundry, near Pittsburgh. They are thirty twelve-inch Columbiads, each weighing nine thousand pounds, and calculated to throw a ball a distance of four and a half miles. The whole amount of shells is one hundred and fifteen tons. The captain ventured the remark that he did not wish to be stopped anywhere on his route, but should be, he would sink the whole concern, rather than any person, except duly authorized of Uncle Sam, should have them. The courage of a man who expects to be attacked between Philadelphia and Hoboken is above suspicion. It almost amounts to a certainty.

CORONER JACKMAN held an inquest on the 11th, at No. 26 Fourth avenue, upon the body of Mr. Otis T. Peters, who committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. It appears in evidence that about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, the 10th instant, the chambermaid observed him in his room, razor in hand, acting very strangely. She informed Mrs. Schoonmaker, with whom he boarded, and Mrs. Schoonmaker repaired to his room. On entering, he seized her and attempted to cut her throat. She screamed, and Officer Little of the Fifteenth Ward, who also boarded at the house, ran into the room and took the razor away. Mr. Peters then became calm, but two hours afterwards went to his trunk, from which he took another razor, and before he could be prevented, cut his throat from ear to ear. He fell bleeding to the floor, and soon expired. Upon the above evidence, the jury rendered a verdict of "Suicide while temporarily deranged." Deceased was a native of Connecticut, fifty-two years of age.

THE Nashville Banner, of the 26th ult., says: "We learned yesterday from a citizen of Columbia that the community of Maury county have just been subjected to a wholesale swindle by a Deputy Sheriff, who absconded on Monday week, with over \$100,000. The means adopted by the swindler were very novel and deliberate. He forged judgments upon good men in the county, and sold them to capitalists at a discount of 25 per cent., at the same time agreeing to collect them without charge. He was engaged for several weeks in selling these fictitious judgments. Shortly before he left he borrowed money from several parties."

HYPOCRISY are becoming very common. On Monday, at the Supreme Court, a Mrs. Clements sued for a divorce on the ground of cruelty. The cruelty consisted in her husband's meanness in only allowing her a pound of beefsteak for four persons, and that upon one occasion, when the butcher had cut off five ounces more than the pound, and she cooked it, he shook his valorous fist in her face. He also only allowed her three cents for breakfast rolls! As she says nothing about tea, coffee and sugar, we presume he was liberal in those articles. Mrs. Clements is also silent on the subject of sausage!

ON Tuesday, the 12th, the Rev. Mr. D. Britton Smith gave a lecture at the Presbyterian Church, Hoboken, on "Fashion in Dress." It was attended by all the *élite* of that classic and picturesque city, and was much relished by the audience. Mr. Smith has a very pleasant manner, and his style is excellent. Judge Whitley, General Hatfield, Dr. Elder, Alderman Chamberlain, Councilor Lyons, and many of the chief dignitaries of the city were present.

BENJAMIN MORDECAI, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, whose name has become so widely known in connection with the recent disturbed state of affairs in Charleston, South Carolina, is a well-known and influential merchant of that city, and largely connected with its shipping interests. He has served in the Legislature of his State, and has, in other respects, proved himself a marked and prominent citizen.

During the period of the earliest and greatest Secession excitement, when a question of finance assumed considerable importance, Benjamin Mordecai, Esq., came forward without solicitation, and presented the city of Charleston with ten thousand dollars in aid of the Southern cause. An act of such considerable munificence was viewed on all sides as an earnest of the sacrifices which the sons of the South were willing to make in defence of what they claim to be their inalienable rights.

THE HONORABLE LOT M. MORRILL,**The New Senator from Maine.**

WE give a faithful picture of the Honorable Lot M. Morrill, who has just been elected Senator from Maine, to take the place of the Vice-President elect, Hannibal Hamlin. Mr. Morrill has been for the past three years Governor of his State, having been elected to that position by the Republican party. Prior to that, he had served with distinction in both branches of the State Legislature, and was President of the Senate in 1856. He is by profession a lawyer, and up to the period of his election to the gubernatorial chair practised at the bar with great success. His law partner is Hon. James W. Bradbury, formerly United States Senator from Maine, and the immediate predecessor of William Pitt Fessenden.

Mr. Morrill is a self-made man, having enjoyed no early advantages, but supplying their want by a studious application after he reached the years of manhood. He was born in Maine, where he has always resided, and was reared on a farm in the town of Belgrade, but ten miles distant from his present residence, which is in Augusta, the Capital of the State. His brother, Anson P. Morrill, was Governor of Maine in 1855, and is now representative elect in Congress from the Kennebec district. He is also a man of marked ability.

The new Senator is now forty-eight years of age, and in the prime and vigor of manhood. As a public speaker he ranks among the most ready and eloquent in New England, and in forensic discussion he has few superiors. Additional interest attaches to him at this time as the successor of the Vice-President elect, and the very decisive vote by which he was chosen shows that an astonishing unanimity exists in reference to his fitness for the high place which he is called to fill.

The ability and fidelity with which he has discharged the high responsibilities of Chief Magistrate of the State, are a guarantee of his qualifications to take a seat in the Senate of the Republic at a serious and momentous period of its affairs. In the prime and vigor of his powers, he will go to Washington fully determined to firmly and faithfully represent the opinions and interests of the people of his native State.

Courteous, dignified and amiable, we believe he will speedily win the respect and esteem of his associates in the most august legislative body in the world. The best wishes of his constituents will attend him as he goes to discharge his duties at the National Capitol, at this trying and perilous hour of the country.

JOSEPH SKILLMAN,

Member of Hook and Ladder Company No. 15, killed at the Fire in Fulton Street, February 8th.

On the 8th of February a fire broke out in the building No. 206 Fulton street, known as the Ocean Mills, and occupied as a coffee and spice factory. Before water could be applied to the



HON. LOT M. MORRILL, U. S. SENATOR FROM MAINE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STUPPIED



BENJAMIN MORDECAI, ESQ., OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUINBY.

flames, owing to the intensely cold weather and the heavy gale which was blowing, the fire extended to the next house, occupied by Hedges & Muse, paper merchants.

It seldom happens that at any fire so much suffering and danger is incurred as was the case with this. The thermometer was below zero—the wind blew wildly, and the firemen were soon so thickly encased in ice as to find it, in many cases, almost impossible to walk.

More than one person was injured, but the only fatal accident was that which destroyed the subject of our present sketch. About four o'clock, Joseph Skillman, a member of the Hook and Ladder Company, one of its bravest and most efficient members, was engaged at work beneath the roof of No. 206, while his companions were busy in an effort to pull down the chimney of No. 208. It fell, but in falling, crushed in the roof of No. 206, burying Mr. Skillman in its ruins. When taken out, life was extinct. The body was removed to No. 14 Engine House, and from there to the Truck House, in Franklin street, where the Coroner held an inquest, and where the testimony of Messrs. Patterson, Vieger and Barnes fully explained the catastrophe. The verdict was, of course, accidental death.

On Sunday, the 10th, the members of the Fire Department turned out in a body to attend the funeral of Mr. Skillman. The funeral took place from the residence of his mother, No. 112 Avenue D. Chief Engineer Decker acted as Grand Marshal, aided by the Board of Assistant Engineers. Arrangements had been made by the Board of Engineers and Foremen for the conduct of the funeral, which began its march about half-past two o'clock. After the hearse was in motion the procession moved up Avenue D—the members of Hook and Ladder Company No. 15 acting as guard of honor.

The large banner belonging to the Department was draped in mourning, and carried at the head of the line by the members of Engine Company No. 30. This was followed by the officers of the Fire Department, the Exempt Firemen's Association, the Board of Trustees, the Board of Fire Commissioners, and the several engine, hose and hook and ladder companies. The line proceeded up Avenue D to Tenth street, through Tenth street to Broadway, down Broadway to the South ferry, thence to Greenwood Cemetery, where the remains were properly interred.

The entire procession was a solemn and appropriate ceremonial of honor paid to a brave citizen who died, as few are privileged to die, while engaged in the honorable and active discharge of his duty.

GEN. M'GOWAN ADDRESSING THE ABBEVILLE Volunteers in front of the Charleston Hotel.

WE give an accurate and striking picture to-day of a very important and exciting incident in the present remarkable crisis. It is General McGowan in the act of addressing the Abbeville Volunteers. This gallant band of Secessionists numbers above a hundred men, and is composed of the wealthiest citizens of the district. A number of these are accompanied by their armed negro servants, as the barons of old were by their armed vassals. Their costume is most picturesque, being composed of the Garibaldi red flannel tunic, with crossbelt and black pants.

General McGowan made a very strong speech, and referred to the time when he stood in the same spot as a volunteer in the Palmetto regiment, then on its way to the halls of the Montezumas. It is needless to add that he was loudly cheered by the men. The flagstaff on the right is the first one erected in Charleston, and was paid for by subscription of the merchants of Hayne street and those adjacent.

The Charleston Hotel is now occupied by the Governor and his staff, as well as many members of the Legislature. It is consequently the focus of excitement and interest. It has been kept for many years by D. Mixer, and may be considered, for comfort, elegance and a bountiful table, as one of the best hotels in the State.

REVIEW OF THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS

Garrisoning Fort Moultrie, in the presence of Mrs. Pickens and Miss Pickens.

THE gallant Volunteer Soldiers of South Carolina, now in garrison at Fort Moultrie and doing military duty with the most stringent exactitude, have had some gala days to relieve the monotonous routine of a soldier's life. One of these flashes of brightness was the visit of the Governor's wife and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Pickens, to Sullivan's Island, Fort Moultrie, on a bright and genial afternoon, some two weeks since. They had come for a drive, escorted by some officers of the staff, and in special honor of them the whole body of troops garrisoning the Fort were passed in review. There were in all eleven companies of one hundred men each, well uniformed, well drilled and well officered. The impromptu review passed off with considerable *éclat*; the visitors were delighted, and the young soldiers of the Palmetto State were highly flattered by the presence of the beautiful and distinguished ladies. It was a pleasant incident, and one to be long remembered.

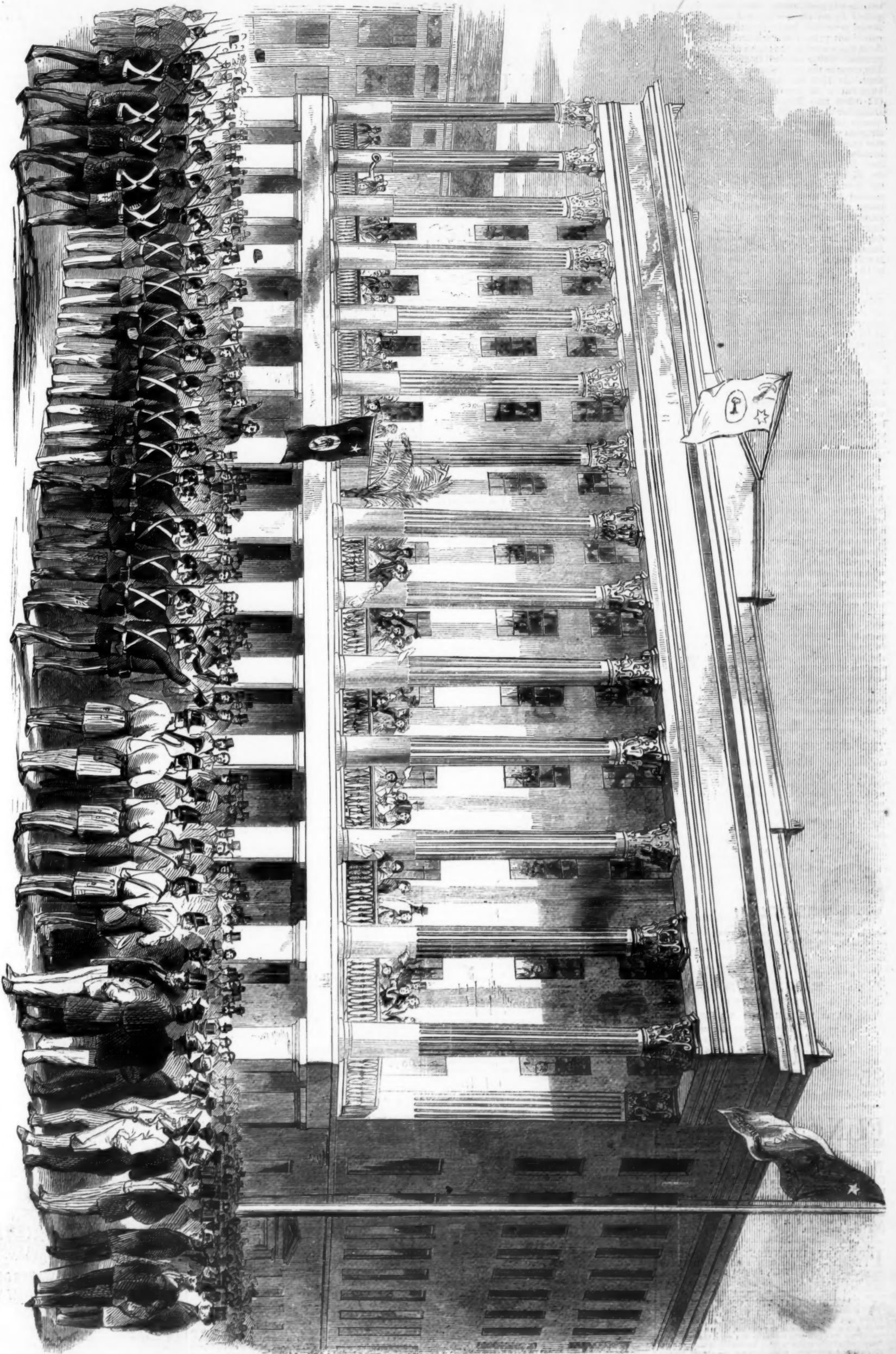
INSULTING AN AMBASSADOR.—M. de Guines, Ambassador of France at Berlin, had greatly mortified the Prussian nobles, and especially the other foreign ministers, by the ostentatious pomp which he displayed. Those whose limited means he thus eclipsed longed for some opportunity to wound the vanity of the proud man who daily humbled theirs, and excited their envy. At this crisis a Russian Ambassador, who was returning home to present at his own court his newly married bride, stopped on his way at Berlin. Prince Dolgorouki, the Russian Ambassador there, did the honors of the Russian Court to his countryman, and gave him and his wife a dinner, to which were invited all the corps diplomatique. M. de Guines was seated next to the bride. The lady, who had been initiated into all the

court gossip, had enlisted under the banner of the malcontents, and taken upon herself the task of vexing the magnificent Frenchman. She had placed upon her finger a ring of very exquisite workmanship, to which she called the attention of her neighbor during the course of the dinner. As he stooped to examine the jewel, the wearer pressed a spring concealed on the side of the ring within her hand, and jerked a small quantity of water into the eyes of the ambassador. The ring contained a syringe. The minister merely wiped his face, jested good-humoredly on the diminutive little instrument, and thought no more of it. But his fair enemy had not yet accomplished her purpose of mortifying the ambassador. Having refilled the squirt unperceived by him, she called his attention to herself and again discharged the water in his face. M. de Guines looked neither angry nor abashed, but in a serious tone of friendly advice said to his foolish aggressor, "Madame, this kind of jest excites laughter the first time; when repeated, it may be excused, especially if proceeding from a lady, as an act of youthful levity; but the third time it would be looked upon as an insult, and you would instantly receive in exchange the glass of water you see before me; of this, madame, I have the honor to give you notice." Thinking he would not dare to execute his threat, the lady once more filled and emptied the little waterspout at the expense of M. de Guines, who instantly acknowledged and repaid it with the contents of his glass, calmly adding, "I warned you, madame." The husband took the wisest course, declaring the ambassador was perfectly justified in thus punishing his wife's unjustifiable rudeness. The lady changed her dress, and the guests were requested to keep silence on the affair, an injunction obeyed as is usual in such cases.

SEVERE WINTERS.—The *Nord* gives the following details on the subject of rigorous winters: In 1709 the cold was excessive through-



JOSEPH SKILLMAN, OF HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY NO. 15, KILLED AT THE FIRE IN FULTON STREET, FEBRUARY 8TH.



GENERAL MCGOWAN ADDRESSING THE ABBEVILLE VOLUNTEERS IN FRONT OF THE CHARLESTON HOTEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.

out the whole of Europe; the Adriatic was completely frozen over; a general and destructive famine prevailed; food of the first necessity was at exorbitant prices; at Paris bread made of oat flour was served at the tables of the rich and of princes. Cattle perished from cold and hunger. The crops in the year following were very abundant. In 1748 the thermometer at St. Petersburg fell to 30 degrees below zero centigrade (22 below zero Fahrenheit). On the 30th of December the glass fell to 18½ below zero Réaumur (9 below zero Fahrenheit), and the ice at Brussels was 12½ inches thick. In 1794 the cold was excessive, and the army of Gen. Pichegru invaded Holland by crossing the Wahal on the ice. In 1812, a winter rendered memorable from the disasters of the French army in Russia, the thermometer on the 26th of November marked 18 degrees below zero Réaumur (8.50 below zero Fahrenheit). In 1820 the cold in Europe was very rigorous. On the 10th of January the thermometer at Berlin fell to 20 degrees below zero C. (4 below zero F.), and at Brussels to 12 below zero C. (9.50 above zero F.) It was in this year that the Palace of the Prince of Orange was destroyed by fire. On the 25th of January, 1823, the thermometer at Brussels fell to 17½ below zero Réaumur (6.25 below zero Fahrenheit). In 1845 the winter was long and severe. The thermometer at Berlin fell to 19 below zero C. (2.50 below zero F.); Strasburg, 14 C. (6 above zero F.); Paris, 12 C. (9.50 F.); and at Brussels it stood at 12 degrees below zero Réaumur (5 below zero F.).

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE IN THE LAST CENTURY.—In the "Memoirs of May Granville" (the celebrated Mrs. Delany) we meet with the following:—"A lady came into Birmingham with a handsome equipage, and desired the landlord of the inn to get her a husband, being determined to marry somebody or other before she left the town. The man bowed, and supposed her ladyship to be in a facetious humor; but, being made sensible how much she was in earnest, he went out in search of a man that would marry a fine lady without asking questions! After many repulses from poor fellows who were not desperate enough for such a venture, he met with an exciseman who said he 'could not be in a worse condition than he was,' and accordingly went with the innkeeper and made a tender of himself, which was all he had to bestow on the lady, who immediately went with him to one who gave them a licence and made them man and wife, on which the bride gave her spouse two hundred pounds, and without more delay left the town and the bridegroom to find out who she was or unriddle the strange adventure. Soon after she was gone, two gentlemen came into the town in full pursuit of her; they had traced her so far upon the road, and finding the inn where she had put up, they examined into all the particulars of her conduct, and on hearing that she was married gave over their pursuit! 'Tis supposed that the young lady, in a desperate fit, for fear of being married where she did not like, chose this unaccountable way of preventing it.'

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